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SOME MILITARY LESSONS OF THE WAR.¹

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THE very first of all the military lessons of the war, as it seems to me, is that there must be no more leaving of the army entirely to the professional soldier and to the official, but that the general public must recognise that the defence of the empire is not the business of a single warrior caste but of every able-bodied citizen. It is an enervating thing for a nation when it comes to be accepted that its protection depends upon a small special class. With modern weapons every brave man with a rifle is a useful soldier, and there is no longer the need for a hard training and a rigid discipline which existed when men fought in platoons and performed complicated evolutions upon the field of battle. With his pen, with his voice, and with his rifle every man who has the privilege of a vote must do what he can to strengthen the fighting force of his country. How many criticisms made by civilians in the last few years have been proved by the stern test of this war to have been absolutely justified! It is the fresh eye undimmed by prejudice or tradition, which is most likely to see clearly. From the War Office, declaring that infantry and not cavalry were necessary for the campaign, to the General on the spot who considered that with ten thousand men he could march to Pretoria, our professional soldiers have not shown that they were endowed with clear vision. In the face of their manifest blunders and miscalculations, a civilian need not hesitate to express his own opinion. A few strong impressions were left upon my mind by

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what I heard and saw of the war, and these, for better or worse, I shall endeavour here to place upon record.

One of the most certain lessons of the war, as regards ourselves, is once for all to reduce the bugbear of an invasion of Great Britain to an absurdity. With a moderate efficiency with the rifle the able-bodied population of this country could without its fleet and without its professional soldiers defy the united forces of Europe. A country of hedgerows would with modern weapons be the most terrible entanglement into which an army could wander. The advantage of the defence over the attack, and of the stationary force against the one which has to move, is so enormous and has been so frequently proved by the Boers against ourselves, as well as by ourselves against the Boers, that the invasion of Kent or Sussex, always a desperate operation, has now become an impossible one. So much national consolation can we draw from the ordeal through which we have passed.

While we can depend for the defence of our own shores upon some developed system of militia and volunteers we can release for the service of the empire almost all the professional soldiers. The lesson of the war, as I read it, is that it is better and cheaper for the country to have fewer soldiers which shall be very highly trained than many of a mixed quality. If, in order to secure that keenness and individual push and intelligence which modern warfare demands, you have to pay your soldier half a crown or three shillings a day, you can by securing a higher type do with fewer numbers, and so save in transport, clothing, accoutrements, and barrack accommodation. At such a wage you could pick your men carefully, eliminate the unfit, insist upon every man being a highly proficient marksman, and make dismissal from the service a very real punishment. In the wars of the future, where a soldier has to be conveyed to the centre of Africa, the interior of China, or the frontier of Afghanistan, it is most necessary that the army so conveyed should be of the highest quality. It costs as much to convey and feed a worthless man as a good one. If he is not a dead shot with a rifle, what is the use of carrying him seven thousand miles in order to place him in a firing line? One man who hits his mark outweighs ten who miss it, and only asks one-tenth of the food and transport. If by paying three times as much we can secure that one man, it is an obvious economy to the country to do so. Eliminate the useless soldiers and increase the pay of the useful ones, even if it reduces our army to a

hundred thousand men. With our reserves, our militia, and our volunteers we can always fill up the ranks if it is necessary to increase their numbers.

To take the various arms of the service in turn, our infantry has shown itself to be as good as ever it was. The Generals have winced long before the soldiers have done so, and whether it was in such advances as those of Talana Hill and Elandslaagte, or in such passive acceptance of punishment as at Spion Kop or Modder River, they have shown all their old qualities of dash and steadiness. Their spirit was extraordinarily good. I do not know where in our military history we can match the fact that the troops who were hurled backwards at Colenso in December, who were cut to pieces at Spion Kop in January, who were driven off Vaalkrantz early in February, were the same men who went roaring over the Boer entrenchments in the last week of that month. Nothing could demoralise or even dishearten them. As to their patient endurance of pain and of hardship, one could not be a witness of it in the hospitals without a higher sense of the dignity of human nature. Their marching was unexpectedly good. With burdens of forty pounds they covered their twenty miles a day with ease, and on occasion they rose to greater efforts. The forty miles done by the Guards before Bloemfontein, and the marching of Yule's retiring column, of the Queenslanders and Canadians who joined Plumer before the relief of Mafeking, and of the Shropshires and C.I.V.s in the attempt to head off De Wet, were all very fine performances.

So much for the men themselves, but it is in their training that there is the room for criticism. The idea that an infantry soldier is a pikeman has never quite departed in our army. He is still trained to march in step as the pikemen did, to go steadily shoulder to shoulder, to rush forward with his pike advanced. All this is mediæval and dangerous. There is only one thing which wins a modern battle, and that is straight shooting. To hit your enemy and to avoid being hit yourself are the two points of the game and the one is as important as the other. After the lessons which we had in the first Boer war, the musketry instruction in the British army has been simply disgraceful. The number of cartridges served out annually for practice varies from fifty in the militia to three hundred in a few select regiments. Fifteen hundred should be the absolute minimum. If a man is not a marksman he should be cast from the army, for why should a useless man

be paid and fed by the country? The difficulty about ranges has been very much exaggerated. A closed range with small moving figures could be erected in the barrack square, and the man who shot well at those would need no great training to be efficient at longer ranges. At present we take immense pains to give a man the best modern rifle and the best ammunition, but instead of teaching him to use it we waste his life in the barren and often childish exercises of the parade ground.

The taking of cover, the most important of all infantry exercises, appears to be even more neglected than our musketry. In the Salisbury Plain manœuvres of 1898, I saw with my own eyes lines of infantry *standing* and firing upon each other at short ranges without rebuke either from their officers or from the umpires. A colonel who stood upon the position to be attacked, and praised or blamed the company officers according to their success in concealing their men in their advance, would soon teach them to use cover. A sleet of Mauser bullets has the same effect, but it is hard that our peace training should have so small a relation to war.

Entrenching also is one of the weak points of our infantry. As Mr. Bennet Burleigh has observed, the sappers have a bad influence upon the infantry, for they teach the foot soldier that he will have things done for him which he should be able to do for himself. Every infantry officer should know how to plan trenches, and every infantry soldier how to make them. All through the war our trenches have been the merest rabbit scratchings compared with those of the amateur soldiers who were opposed to us. Sometimes they were even ludicrous, like some which I saw myself—in a position which might well have been attacked—where the sides of the loopholes in the parapet were made of empty jam pots. At Spion Kop, at Reddersberg, at Nicholson's Nek, at Lindley—on these and many other occasions better trenching would have saved lives, if not the day.

Better shooting, better knowledge of cover—these are the main desiderata in our infantry. The latter will in the near future be attained, I believe, by some portable bullet-proof shield. There are many smaller improvements which will be wrought by the war. Never again should the most valuable lives be exposed by the fatuous idea of giving them a different dress. The officer will carry a rifle like his men. And, above all, the officer must take his profession more seriously. He must remember that the lives of his men are in his keeping, and that if through any fault

of his they are lost, his guilt is not far removed from murder. A braver man than the British officer, or one with a more indomitable and sporting spirit, is not to be found. But he treats his work too lightly. Military conversation, though commoner than it once was, is still much too rare. During five months' intercourse with officers I have only once seen one of them reading a professional book. Young lawyers and young doctors cannot take their profession in this dilettante spirit. As a point of honour it is surely indefensible to accept certain duties and to be paid for them without carrying them out with all the industry and energy that is possible. A young officer must remember that if he leaves all the thinking to his superiors, and refuses to use his own mind, he will have lost the power of doing so by the time that he comes to be a superior himself. Our junior company officers should be constantly encouraged to think and to act for themselves.

Passing on to the cavalry, we come to the branch of the service which appears to me to be the most in need of reform. In fact, the simplest and most effective reform would be one which should abolish it altogether, retaining the Household regiments for public functions. One absolutely certain lesson of this war is that there is—outside the artillery—only one weapon in the world, and that weapon is the magazine rifle. Lances, swords, and revolvers have only one place—the museum. How many times was the lance or the sword fleshed in this war, and how many men did we lose in the attempts, and how many tons of useless metal have our overburdened horses carried about the country? But if these various weapons are discarded, and we come down to the uniformity of the rifle, then of course we must teach the trooper to use his rifle on foot and dress him so that he can do so. So in an automatic and unavoidable way he becomes mounted infantry.

But when I say mounted infantry I do not mean the vamped-up horseman who is converted by battalions as Charlemagne converted the Saxons. Considering his genesis, this man has done very well; but, as Albrecht remarked, it is some time before he has ceased holding his hat on. What I mean are regiments of the type of the Imperial Light Horse, as well horsed and as highly trained in peace time as our cavalry are now. We have not yet realised what first-class mounted infantry can do, for we have never trained any first-class mounted infantry. Let a man be a fine rider, a trained horse-master, a good skirmisher, and a dead shot, and he becomes more valuable than any mere cavalryman

can be. Cavalry, as it seems to me, would be equally unable to attack such a force or to resist it. If they attacked, the magazine fire would shoot them out of their saddles. If they were attacked, the best shots and best skirmishers must win.

When we compare the doings of cavalry and of mounted infantry in this war, we must remember that it is not a fair comparison, as the one force was highly trained while the other was rapidly improvised. But even so the comparison may be sustained by the junior branch. I have more than once asked cavalry officers whether they could point to any single exploit in the whole war which could not have been as well done by equally well-horsed mounted infantry. The relief of Kimberley, the heading off of Cronje, the pursuit after Elandslaagte, there is not one, save perhaps the charge at Diamond Hill, which is essentially a cavalry exploit. But, on the other hand, the mounted infantry did things which cavalry as at present constituted could never have done—such as the ascent of Elandslaagte, or the surprise of Gun Hill. Let us preserve all our old historic regiments with their traditions and their *esprit de corps*—and let them be called cavalry also, if the name is dear to them—but let them have only a rifle and let them be trained to fight on foot. Then, if less ornamental, they will become more workmanlike and more formidable. Boer tactics with British courage would make a combination which would carry everything before it.

But whatever we may finally call our horseman there is one change which *must* be effected. That is to relieve him of the seven stone of extra weight which is carried by each horse, and which brings the creature on to the field of battle too weary for his work. With the heavy military saddle, the rug, the oat bag, the saddlebags, and all the other hangings, the poor beast is weighed down. It is not an exaggeration to say that the Boer war was prolonged for months by this one circumstance, for we should certainly have cut off the Boer retreat and captured their guns had our horses not been handicapped so severely. Whether spare horses should carry the things, or galloping carriages, or whether they should be dispensed with, must be left to the leaders. But that seven stone must in some way be removed if we are ever to get full value out of our mounted force.

In dealing with our artillery it must be acknowledged that for personal gallantry and for general efficiency they take the honours of the campaign. Nothing could exceed the devotion with which

officers and men stood to their guns under the most deadly fire. The accuracy of our shooting left something to be desired, but in some actions it reached a very high standard.

Our gunners, however, were always from the beginning paying the penalty of being the attacking party. As a rule they were firing at guns which were in a position higher than their own, and they were continually engaging guns which they could not see. That the Boers were at the beginning of the war able to bring on to the battlefield very much heavier guns than we could set against them must have been foreseen by our military authorities, who knew, by the report of the Intelligence Department, that they possessed four heavy Creusots and sixteen 4·7 howitzers. To some extent these were neutralised by our own use of naval guns—a most dangerous and hand-to-mouth expedient. Outside these special guns, which were not field guns at all, our 15-pounders were as good as anything which the Boers could set against them. In quality of ammunition we had an immense advantage. Had the Boer fuses been as good as their guns and their gunners, our losses would—especially in the early part of the war—have been much more severe.

We imagined that we held another advantage in the possession of lyddite, but it appears that a careful inquiry should be made into this substance before we commit our artillery further to its use. Its destructive powers upon buildings, &c., are beyond doubt, but it is by no means equally fatal when used against troops in an open formation. I have spoken to several Boers upon the subject, and none of them expressed a high opinion of it. We imagined that there was a considerable area of destruction round each bursting shell, but I know of at least one case where a shell burst within seven yards of a man with no worse effect than to give him a bad headache.

But the very great advantage which the Boers possessed—one which enabled half a dozen Boer guns to hold as many British batteries—was that their cannon were as invisible as their rifles. The first use which a Boer makes of his guns is to conceal them. The first use which a British major makes of his is to expose them in a straight line with correct interspaces, each gun so near its neighbour that a lucky shell dropping between them might cripple the crews of each. The artillery are a highly educated scientific corps, so the outsider must conclude that there is some deep reason for this arrangement, but whatever the reason may be it

most certainly does not apply to a war like this. From first to last it has put us at a most serious disadvantage. Sometimes it is unavoidable that the attacking force should be in the open, but it is seldom that some broken ground, bushes, boulders, or other cover cannot be found if the officer will be content to scatter his guns a little and to break his symmetrical line. I have seen a British battery under a heavy fire from unseen opponents, itself in the open, while within a few hundred yards was a high maize field from which it could have fired unseen. There is a magnificent insolence in the way in which the British guns are worked, but many a man has paid for it with his life. There are times and places where a gunner must think nothing of himself—so it was with Abdy's and Blewitt's batteries at the assault on Ladysmith, when everything depended upon their getting the proper position, which could only be done by coming out into the open—but one of the lessons of the war, as it appears to a civilian, is that a battery should not be exposed save for some special purpose.

Another prejudice which may be quite justified in European warfare has exercised an evil influence upon our artillery in the campaign. This is the extreme reluctance of commanding officers to split up a battery and to act with any unit less than six guns. 'One gun is no gun,' says an artillery maxim, but there have been occasions in the campaign when a single gun would have saved us from disaster. While majors preserved their perfect six-gun batteries the troops at Reddersberg, at Lindley, at Roodeval, at Honing's Spruit, were all in dire need of the two guns which might easily have been spared them. The Boers sent their small parties about the country with guns. We sent ours without, and when the parties met we were at a fatal disadvantage. And the root of the matter lay in the disinclination of our officers to divide up a battery.

There is another subject so painful that one would be tempted to avoid it but for its vital importance. It is the danger of the artillery firing into their own infantry, as occurred again and again in the campaign. At Talana Hill our guns opened with shrapnel at less than two thousand yards upon our own stormers, and drove them with some loss off the crest which they had captured. Surely officers could be provided with a glass which would make it impossible to mistake Briton for Boer at so close a range. At Stormberg the same thing happened, with tragic results. So also at Colenso. It is difficult to know how to show

your own gunners what point the advancing infantry have gained. The best suggestion is that of Major Hanwell, of the 39th battery, that a conspicuous flag should be carried at a pre-arranged distance behind the firing line. The very best glasses and the most cool-headed men are needed to prevent a disaster which must become more probable as the range of artillery increases and infantry improve in taking cover.

So far as our equipment goes most artillery officers seem satisfied, in spite of all criticism, with the 15-pounder field gun, and argue that any gun which fires faster fires too fast to be controlled by their commander. A battery at present can discharge from fifteen to twenty shots a minute. They hold, also, that any increase in weight of the gun must be at the expense of mobility. On the other hand, they have learned that the shrapnel time fuses are too short, and that batteries should be provided with common shell for use against sangars, houses, and other solid defences.

It is for a committee of inquiry to decide whether such small changes as these are all which we can gather from our experience in this war. A certain conservatism and loyalty prompt a man to stand by the weapons which he knows how to handle as against those of which he has no experience. But surely it must be admitted that one gun which fires very rapidly is equal to several guns which fire slowly, and offers a smaller mark. Also that a difference of mobility, which may or may not be of any importance, is more than atoned for by the certain fact that with the heavier gun you can hit your enemy a mile beyond the range at which he can hit you. The 12-pounder Elswick gun, for example, cannot be much less mobile than the service weapon, and yet its effective range is nearly double the distance. In the wars of the future it is certain that very much heavier guns will be employed than in the past. The bullock guns of the Boers are the forerunners of an artillery which in a country of good roads with steam traction available may assume the most monstrous proportions. The greatest cannon of our battleships and fortresses may be converted into field pieces. To those who have seen a six-inch gun taken across a South African drift nothing seems impossible in the use of heavy artillery.

The lesson of the war as regards the effect of artillery is that while it is comparatively harmless where troops are extended or entrenched, it is most deadly when, through faulty leadership or the accident of the ground, troops are compelled to bunch. Spion

Kop was won entirely by the Boer artillery—the one example in the war where infantry have been mastered by guns. The small Vickers-Maxim quick firer established an evil reputation there and elsewhere; but as the war went on it was appreciated that its shells might as well be solid, as they have small penetrating power after their explosion, and are usually only to be feared on direct impact.

The engineers in every branch have done splendidly in the war. The balloon department was handicapped by the height of the scene of operations, which only gave them a narrow margin (a few hundred feet) of elevation. But in spite of this they did fine work, and their presence will become more essential as the trench and the hidden gun become universal in the battles of the future. The pontoon section also did well, but it is the railway sappers who have really won the first honours of the campaign upon the side of the British. They were, of course, immensely assisted by the presence of the Pioneer Regiment, with its skilled officers and trained workers, and also by the presence of cheap black labour; but the energy and ingenuity with which every difficulty was surmounted and the line was kept up to the army will always remain a wonder to those who saw it and a glory to those who did it. One branch of the service which proved to be most useful, and which might well be enlarged, is the mounted engineer. As the horseman threatens to play so great a part in the wars of the future, it is necessary to have your horse-sapper who will keep up with him, tap telegraphs, break bridges, cut lines, and get the full advantage out of each advance.

Our transport and our commissariat have been among the few pleasant surprises of the war. The former showed the organising genius of Lord Kitchener, who centralised it in such a way that the greatest possible amount of work was got out of it. The latter was really marvellously good, considering the difficulties which had to be overcome. Colonel Ward, of Ladysmith fame, and Colonel Richardson, who worked the supplies from Capetown, rank high among the heroes of the campaign. There are few men more deserving of the gratitude of the country.

There remains that Medical Department upon which so fierce a light has been thrown. It has had less than justice done to it, because the desperate nature of the crisis which it had to meet was not realised by the public. For reasons of policy the grave state of the army in Bloemfontein was never made known, and at the

moment when the public was reading optimistic reports the town was a centre of pestilence and the hospitals were crammed to their utmost capacity. The true statistics of the outbreak will probably never come out, as the army returns permit the use of such terms as 'simple continued fever'—a diagnosis frequently made, but vague and slovenly in its nature. If these cases were added to those which were returned as enteric (and they were undoubtedly all of the same nature), it would probably double the numbers and give a true idea of the terrible nature of the epidemic. Speaking roughly, there could not have been fewer than from six to seven thousand in Bloemfontein alone, of which thirteen hundred died.

At the time of this terrible outbreak the army depended for its supplies upon a single precarious line of rails, which was choked with the food and the remounts absolutely necessary for the continuance of the campaign. The doctors had the utmost difficulty in getting the tents, medicines, and other essentials for their work. They were overwhelmed with cases at the very moment when their means for treating them were at the lowest, and, unhappily, enteric is of all diseases the one which needs careful nursing, special nourishment, and constant attention. The result was in many cases deplorable. There were hospitals where the most necessary utensils were wanting. In supplying these wants locally there was, as it seemed to me, a want of initiative and of energy, but it sprang largely from an exaggerated desire on the part of the authorities to conciliate the Free-Staters and reconcile them to our rule. It was thought too high-handed to occupy empty houses without permission, or to tear down corrugated iron fencing in order to make huts to keep the rain from the sick soldiers. This policy, which sacrificed the British soldier to an excessive respect for the feelings of his enemies, became modified after a time, but it appeared to me to increase the difficulties of the doctors.

Where the department seemed to be open to criticism was in not having more men upon the spot. Capetown was swarming with civil surgeons, and there was no difficulty in conveying them to Bloemfontein, Kroonstad, or wherever else they were needed. But the situation was a most difficult one, and the men upon the spot, from General Wilson to the humblest orderly, were worked to their extreme capacity. It is easy now to criticise what they did not do, but it is just also to remember what they did.

The fact is that the true blame in the matter rests not with

the Medical Department but with the composition of the South African army. The Medical Department is arranged to meet the wants of such a body of regular troops as Great Britain could put in the field, but not to provide for a great army of irregulars and colonials very much larger than could ever have been foreseen. It is unjust to blame the Medical Department for not being prepared for that which was a new thing, totally unforeseen by any one even after the outbreak of hostilities.

One consoling fact we find amid much that is sad, and that is that we can at any moment draw upon the very best both of the senior and of the junior surgeons in our civil hospitals, and so supplement our army organisation. A medical reserve could be formed at very small cost which would insure to the soldier the very best skill which the country can produce. At the same time, it cannot be denied that there is room for improvement in the *personnel* of the department and in the spirit in which they approach their work. There are many conspicuous exceptions, but it appears to the civilian that there is too much that is military and too little that is medical in the relations between the department and those whom they serve. Better pay and a higher standard of examination (periodical if possible) are the only methods by which any lasting improvement can be effected.

Leaving these hasty and superficial notes of the way in which each branch of the service has been affected by the war, I should desire to add a few words upon the army of the future. I believe that if we could lay the lessons of this war rightly to heart we might become as strong upon land as we are on sea, and that the change might be effected without any increase of expense. It will probably be represented that the lesson of the war is that the army should be increased; but my own impression, which I advance with all diffidence, is that the true reading is different, and that we should decrease the army in numbers and so save the money which will enable us to increase its efficiency and mobility.

When I say decrease the army I mean decrease the number of professional soldiers; but I should increase the total number of armed men upon whom we can call by a liberal encouragement of volunteering and such an extension of the Militia Act as would give us at least a million men for home defence, setting free the whole of the highly trained soldiers for the work of the empire.

These volunteers and militia should not be plagued by drill beyond the very simplest requirements, but their shooting should be sedulously encouraged, and every hunt in the kingdom should furnish its commando of mounted infantry. The present yeomanry should also be trained as mounted infantry. With these troops, the Household infantry and cavalry, and a good proportion of highly disciplined artillery, the country could be left in absolute security.

The army proper should, according to this scheme, be drawn from a higher class than is done at present, for modern warfare demands more intelligence and individuality than is to be found in the peasant or unskilled labourer classes. To get these men a good wage must be paid—not less than half a crown a day, with a pension in reserve. For this we should get picked men, and insure that instead of the recruiting sergeant seeking the man the man shall seek the recruiting sergeant. Having secured the best material, the soldier should then be most carefully trained, so that the empire may never have the expense of sending out a useless unit. Granting that the professional army should consist of a hundred thousand men, which is ample for every requirement, I should divide them roughly into thirty thousand mounted infantry, who should be the *élite*, trained to the last point, with every man a picked shot and rider. These might be styled the Imperial Guard, and would be strong enough in themselves to carry through any ordinary war in which we are likely to engage. Thirty thousand I should devote to forming a powerful corps of artillery, who should be armed with the best weapons which money could buy. Ten thousand would furnish the engineers, the army service corps, and the medical orderlies. There is no use in feeding and paying men in time of peace when we know that we can get them easily in time of war and rapidly make them efficient. In all these three departments it would be practicable to fill up the gaps by trained volunteers when they are needed. For example, the St. John's Ambulance men showed themselves perfectly capable of doing the hospital duties in South Africa. From the various engineer battalions of volunteers the sappers could extend to any dimensions. There remain thirty thousand men out of the original number, which should form the infantry of the line. These should preserve the old regimental names and traditions, but should consist of mere 'cadres,' skeleton regiments to be filled up in time of war.

There might, for example, be one hundred regiments, each containing three hundred men. But these men, paid on the higher scale, would all be picked men and good rifle shots, trained to the highest point in real warlike exercises—not in barrack-square evolutions. Where the standard of intelligence is higher, drill is not so necessary to give cohesion to a regiment. This force would in itself (with the aid of the Imperial Guard of mounted infantry and artillery) be able to cope with even a considerable task ; but when the nation desired to use its whole strength, the regiments would at once be increased to one thousand each by drafts from the huge volunteer and militia reserves. This new material would take some digesting, but with three hundred old soldiers already in the ranks it would not be long before the regiments would become formidable. Our infantry force would thus rise at once to a hundred thousand men, with behind them a million or so of the picked manhood of the country ready to form fresh battalions or to fill the gaps in the old ones. Add to this the Indian army, and the splendid material of Australia, South Africa, and Canada, each of which should be separately organised, and we should have such a force as the empire has never yet had at its command. In spite of the higher pay to every officer and man, I believe that the economies would be so great owing to the smaller numbers—which count, not merely upon a pay list, but in our bills for transport, for food, for pensions, and for barracks—that we could do it at a considerably smaller cost if the nation can be persuaded to extend the Militia Act for short periods of home service. But, above all, let the army become a serious profession ; let us have done with the ‘fuss and the feathers,’ the gold lace and the frippery, which were needed to catch the ploughboy, but are repellent to the reasonable man. Let us have done also with the tailoring, the too luxurious habits of the mess, the unnecessary extravagances which make it so hard for a poor man to accept a commission. If only this good came from all our trials and our efforts, they would be well worth all that they have cost us.

TWO'S COMPANY.

I.

'THE infuriating part of the whole business,' I was saying to my husband, 'is that there seems no end to the thing. For any reasonable prospect of donning crêpe for Miss Crabbe within the next three months, I would give her fiendish propensities *carte blanche* during the interim. She might drop in for a chat every morning, take me to a picture-gallery every afternoon, write me a note three times a day, call by accident whenever she saw you enter the house ——'

'No, no,' interrupted Tom. He took the pipe from his mouth, unscrewed it with deliberation, and tapped it against the grate. 'None of that, Susan. The felicity of wearing the crêpe will be yours; you must bear all the previous torments.'

'You will at least share the eventual joy of the bill,' I retorted. 'However, as she has just brought the purchase of their present house to what she calls a triumphal issue, as you were inspired to renew our own lease for another seven years, as we both suffer from a robust constitution, as she does not care for travelling, and we can't afford it—why, she must levy blackmail on our lives and our time till we die—that is all.'

I spoke with the tranquillity of pure frenzy, and applied myself once more to my darning. There was a long silence, while Tom puffed at his pipe.

'I should never have signed that agreement,' he said at length, 'if the agent had not sworn that Deep Sea House was pre-claimed, and the Crabbes could not possibly buy it.'

'It was certainly a mistake to burn our boats before we were out of the wood,' I rejoined with a sigh.

My husband seemed impressed by this rhetoric.

'Anyhow, Sue,' he said presently, 'tribulation is good for the soul. Consider how much my own temper has sweetened of late.'

'Chiefly, I think,' replied his wife, 'because you lurk in secret places from ten till six. As far as I am concerned, I cannot even pay the milkman without my every thought becoming plain to the *ménage* Crabbe.'

Tom appeared to be slowly digesting the horror of my situation.

'I wish,' he said with all solemnity, 'I wish the *ménage* Crabbe in the depths of the sea.'

I shook my head dismally. 'Very appropriate,' I murmured. 'But they would crawl inland to visit us, just as before. . . . Extirpation is the only hope left.'

'Then extirpation it must be,' blustered Tom. 'We will do something drastic and swift, Susan. We will blast the whole lot of them—put her under a curse—cause the household to fail suddenly—we—'

He was interrupted by the entry of a maid. 'Miss Crabbe is downstairs, m'm, and would be glad to see you and Mr. Louth for a few moments.'

I looked at the clock; it was past eight. . . . So soon as I could articulate calmly, 'I will come down and speak to Miss Crabbe,' I replied, 'but Mr. Louth is engaged.'

II.

To say that the 'few moments' passed in scuffling, is indeed to say nothing at all. Conversation with Miss Crabbe took that form. What, with one of my temperament, had proved a more dangerous menace to an amity of now two years' standing was the renewal of love that regularly followed each outbreak. If it be asked on what basis rested an *entente* so visibly shaky, it is I who must pause for a reply. Dating from my husband's bachelor days, Miss Crabbe passed into my realm at our marriage, as inevitably as the window blinds and stair rods of his previous occupation. Whether she acquiesced in the change with the stolidity of these less animate perquisites is another question, and one that I leave to private solution. My hapless Tom did indeed wish at times that he had been without a friend in the world; and at such periods of encroachment on our domestic bliss, I would seize my broom, so to speak, and emulate the dame who swept the Atlantic from her door. After which summary process the ocean had hitherto relapsed into the many twinkles of his normal smile, and we halcyons could sport on the shore.

Having thus briefly indicated the general situation, it remains for me to add a word or two in portrayal of the heroine. Miss Crabbe was of a brief rotundity, with an engaging and child-like expression. She was vivacious in talk, and apt (as the

expression goes) to say rather more than her prayers. This is a habit which those hotly denounce who, themselves too fond of casting the conversational crumb upon the waters, are startled to find it after many days washed up to them in a distended condition. On us necessity forced a safer process. After comparing notes of what she had said to each, we would cancel statements mutually exclusive, and then strike 90 per cent. off what was left, by which simple plan we kept within a very decent margin of the truth.

Miss Crabbe's other peculiarities were a standing predilection for martyrdom, and a spasmodic yearning to inspect some literary secrets, whereof the local habitation was Tom's publishing house. This was a desire that he steadily nipped in the bud; but hope springs eternal. She had four nephews and nieces, ranging from a great silent girl of nineteen to a small boy of seven, and never—so said the enemies in the gate—did a quiverful give its vicarious bearer less satisfaction. As for the widowed father, Mr. Crabbe, he was one of those who tread the elusive by-path, and his footsteps were not known. At the end of his garden was a studio, where he was reported to spend most of his time in pursuit of the fine arts that ever escaped him. On the rare occasions when we encountered this votary, he showed himself an urbane and even amusing person, with a faculty for being easily pleased that perhaps helped him at need. Precisely what spoke in the cosmic wheel he represented to Agatha, is a problem that has often engaged me; I reflect on it at intervals, and the mystery remains fresh as ever. Now Tom is food for my every thought—but brothers may be less filling at the price.

For two years, then, my husband and I had together pursued a course as evenly scored by our delinquencies as the Dover Road is by its milestones. Tom had ceased—I quote one instance of many—to wave to this maiden lady the right hand of good fellowship when the watering-pot was heard in her garden. Their domain was overlooked by our smoking-room; and this premarital custom—so I gather—had been the very south wind, as it were, that wafted spices on the Crabbite flower-beds. But the signalman deserted his box. The collision that ensued was one of which I will spare my reader the harrowing details.

Yet a worse thing had now come upon us; for the hope of change, the blank despair of certainty; for two years' hell with paradise in sight, the outlook on a seven years' persecution.

III.

THE next morning a letter came for my husband. 'My *quondam ami*,' it began :

'I was sorry you could not spare me two minutes last night, as I should have liked to receive your congratulations on my success with the house. We are to sign the final deed of purchase to-morrow morning. I have had *such* trouble over it, and thought you would be interested to hear. But *at my age* (as your wife is so fond of reminding me) one should know what to expect of human nature ; you are, after all, but the strong man bound. I am coming round to your publishing house at 1.30 to-day to examine those autographs. I know how savage you look at this moment, for you never would show them me. But I deserve some reparation for last night's treatment. In any case, you can tell your foreman to shut the door in my face, so don't trouble about a reply. If you were nice you would give me a mouthful of lunch, as I have to spend the day in the City.

'Yours as ever,

'AGATHA CRABBE.'

I listened in silence while Tom read this epistle, his eyes full of fury.

'Susan,' he said, 'I shall send a note round this moment. I shall say that my private collection is no more at her disposal than before ; that I do not receive lady visitors at my place of business ; and that if she wishes us to provide her with lunch, you will be happy to invite her to come here.'

'My dear Tom,' I replied, 'you might as well save your note-paper. If you stop her intrusion to-day, she will appear without notice some other morning. She has been fighting her way into your office for the past seven years, and mere rudeness won't stop her.'

'Then I shall write something very much stronger. I shall make a complaint to her brother.'

'Don't land us in the police-court,' I suggested.

Tom got up and stamped.

'Try my plan,' I said after a pause. 'Have a spread in your rooms, but don't condescend to answer that letter. If she means to come, let her come and take the risk.'

'What risk?' asked Tom shortly.

'I will see about that,' I replied.

'Arsenic in the pie, Sue?' he asked.

'Worse than arsenic. I shall curse every mouthful she eats.'

My husband stared; he was on the borderland between laughter and rage.

'You needn't gape,' I went on. 'If the curser is serious, a curse is bound to come true. Still more, if his language is biblical. Most of all, if he's alive and not dead; that has all been conclusively proved.'

Tom seemed at a loss what to make of me. I looked at him steadily.

'You admit it's a desperate case?' I inquired.

'More desperate than ever,' he answered. 'If it were less so, I should have spirits enough to laugh at your fairy-tale nonsense. Excuse my missing the point of your wit just at present. Of course, if you meant it all as a joke, I should know where I was. Now I don't.'

'Never mind where you are, Tom,' I insisted. 'The point is, where you will be. Your scepticism is grand but misplaced. My great-grandmother's cousin was a Mullo, and swore blood brothers with a Welsh gipsy. She bequeathed me their tuning-fork. I feel the well of cursing gush up in me. Don't argue, but just let me try.'

'Try anything you like if it pleases you, Sue,' said my husband. 'It sounds a very harmless amusement, and you will be more likely to hear reason next time. . . . But how am I to get ready lunch for a lady in less than three hours?'

'Stand me a cab,' I said promptly. 'Give this list to your clerk, and expect me at the office by twelve.'

Tom grinned subtly, and went out of the house.

IV.

WE had laid the table with the spoil from my cab and Derrick's wares from the cookshop. A very choice lunch it was.

'Lock the door, Tom,' I said. 'Interruption spells ruin.'

Perceiving in my spouse a flippant tendency, I sternly bade him turn his back or leave the room. To me it was no laughing matter. Sitting down by the fire, Tom opened his 'Standard' and read.

To hit the weird pitch by the aid of my tuner was easy; my ignorance of Welsh was the trouble. A word occurred to me that I had gleaned from some coal-trucks. One other had also impressed itself of late on my memory. Such sounds could hardly fail to please my ancestral familiars, while to myself they gave a sense of security.

'Cursed,' I monotoned solemnly over the salmon, 'cursed be these flakes to the woman who tastes them! May she never get eatable fish near the place where she now lives! Amen. Crwth Cwmaman.'

A sound of bubbling from behind the paper made me angry. With added tensivity in my voice I continued:

'Cursed be these bakemeats to the woman who eats them! Amen. May her household rise up and revile her for each dish she provides! Crwth Cwmaman. . . . Cursed be the green food on this table to the woman who chews it! Amen. Cursed be the dessert and the apricots! May every leaf in her garden, every fruit, become hateful and poisonous to her! Be the Deep Sea lawn dust in her sight, may the very flowers urge her to go, may weeds come up!' . . .

'One fifteen,' observed Tom Louth from behind his paper. 'I don't wish to interrupt you, my love, but the victim may arrive to find the door locked.'

'Good-bye, Tom,' I said with some dignity. 'You have done your best to spoil the effect, but you may yet have cause to thank a faithful wife.'

'You are an angel, Sue,' was the fervent rejoinder. 'You don't think, dear,' Tom added nervously, 'that you have made the meal too widely unwholesome?'

I was feeling rather vexed with my husband.

'If you had troubled to listen,' I snapped, 'you would have known *you* were safe. So good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Susan,' said Tom, with his hands in his pockets. He whistled.

'Rather odd kind of hospitality?' he put tentatively.

'She does not come by invitation,' I answered. 'Under the circumstances, however much we blast her, she can never say we were at all inhospitable.'

Looking again at his watch, Tom agreed not to argue the point. I went away hastily. From the Waterloo omnibus I watched a round black figure sail up the Strand.

V.

'It is an extraordinary thing,' said Miss Crabbe to me some five days later, 'that I never can get what I want from these horrible tradesmen.'

We had met on our matutinal shoppings, and were walking home together. Since that eventful Tuesday, I had seen and heard nothing of the lady of Deep Sea House. Tom's look of suppressed fury and disgust, when he came back to dinner that evening, had convinced me that silence was golden; and, from some cause as yet unexplained, the visit of triumphant exultation, which I had fully expected on the Wednesday morning, had never been paid. Why rose not the clear-sounding pæan? . . .

'You, of course,' continued the querulous voice at my side, 'never have any grounds for complaint. I did not look for sympathy from *you*. But it is evident that Gudgeon has favourites. We take at least twice your amount, yet for days I've not had a good herring.'

'Ah!' said I. 'We live mostly off halibut.'

'Just what I said the other day to Mrs. Bridges,' she cried hotly. 'I *told* her you took all the best fish, but she wouldn't believe it. Now I can say I had it from your own lips.'

'Would you like,' I suggested, 'to inform Mrs. Bridges, at the same time, that we have a clean tablecloth twice a week? She might like it for the Parish Magazine.'

'Gudgeon told me,' continued my fair companion in a tone of savage ill-temper, 'that he couldn't do any different for us without raising our prices. So I just said he need not call again. That may bring him to his senses. If not, I shall have to write to the Central Fish Market, I suppose—or else move to the seaside, where, perhaps, decent fish can be got.'

'That might answer best,' I said mildly.

Miss Crabbe looked at me sharply.

'You know quite well I can't do that,' she retorted. 'You know we have as good as bought our house. If Archibald were not so stupid and loitering . . .'

We had reached my front gate by this time. Eluding her patent wish to be asked in, I shook hands and escaped. . . .

'The Crustaceans seem a bit down in the mouth,' Tom observed later on in the day.

'Have they all got dyspepsia?' I asked.

'If they inherit Aunt Agatha's appetite,' he replied, 'they may well be morose. . . . Two helpings of salmon, same of pie; lobster salad, six split apricots—good heavens!' He paused to take breath.

'This catalogue is as drink to the thirsty,' said I. 'Any more?'

'What are you playing at, Sue?' said my husband impatiently. Thoughts of Tuesday did not long conduce to mirth.

'The curse works,' I replied.

Tom blew the smoke with long-drawn contempt from his lips.

'It need work,' quoth he, 'to baffle that woman. If you had had to sit for two hours, as I did, hearing her complacent clack about the purchase . . .'

A knock at the door checked further narrative. On the mat outside stood Hermione Crabbe.

'Come in,' said I to the great hulking girl. 'Did not Brown ask you into the drawing-room?'

'Aunt said I was to come straight up here,' said the girl sullenly. She sat down on the chair Tom had placed for her. 'If I didn't, aunt said you would send down word you were engaged.'

'We *are* engaged, as it happens,' I answered briskly. (I have small patience with ill-mannered young people.) 'And, of course, Mr. Louth's smoking-room is not for visitors to walk into uninvited. But I am ready to hear your aunt's message.'

'Aunt said,' whined the girl, 'that if we thought she didn't feed us properly, we had better come and ask you for some dinner.'

'Who is *we*?' I inquired.

'Archie and me,' said the girl. 'Aunt starves us, and we've told her so plainly.'

'Miss Crabbe was no doubt joking,' I said sternly, 'when she suggested your repeating such impertinent language to me. I advise you to go home and apologise at once to your aunt.'

'I'm not going home,' said Hermione, her face twisting like an indiarubber doll's. 'I'm not going home to a potato pie five times warmed up.'

She started as my husband rose to his feet.

'You may please yourself about going home, Miss Hermione,' he observed, 'but you will not intrude longer on Mrs. Louth's privacy, nor come upstairs again unannounced. And you will say to Miss Crabbe, with my compliments, that we do not, of course,

take her words seriously.' He opened the door, and the girl, who looked abashed, shuffled out.

With all the native majesty of man, my husband strode back and frowned at the hearthrug. As for me, I was quivering with joy—a feeling by no means diminished when shrill tones, later on in the evening, floated in through the wide-open window: 'What are you doing to the espaliers, Archibald? Can't you stop that boy wasting the water? One would think no one had to pay rates.... You might as well sow grass on the Sahara.'

VI.

LIKE a poultice on our tired nerves fell silence—a silence of nine or ten days. Tom and I did not know what to make of it; but no ignorance could lessen such bliss.

One fine morning, however, I was caught in the very act of dusting my drawing-room, and subjected to a scene of the first magnitude. My husband—it would appear—had passed his *quondam amie* without raising his hat. 'As it happens,' said I, 'my husband was engrossed with a bookstall. He told me himself that he became aware you had passed him, too late.'

'It is convenient at times,' said the lady, 'to be too late to recognise a friend.'

'No doubt,' I rejoined; 'but a gentleman seldom troubles to be rude.'

'I certainly *used* to think your husband a gentleman,' said my visitor.

I got up and continued my dusting.

'Of course you are wanting me to go,' came in injured tones soon from my rear. 'For *that* I was more than prepared. Similarly, you will be delighted to hear that we intend to move out of this neighbourhood.'

A dearly prized cup slipped from hands that were palsied with ecstasy. Neither then nor thereafter did I shed one tear over the loss; the fragments were picked up that evening and put away with keepsakes of my honeymoon.

'Indeed?' was my only reply. I went on with the dusting.

There was silence. Then I heard a faint snuffle.

'One would think,' said the voice, 'that you might spare me two minutes, after we have been friends all these years. But my departure can have no interest for a housewife. I must evidently choose some other day.'

'It is I who am waiting,' said I. 'When you have withdrawn your offensive sneer at my husband, I shall be charmed to hear this budget of news.'

'Well, *really!*' remarked Miss Crabbe in the tones of a tragedy queen.

The corner of my eye caught the tilt of her profile. I attacked the piano legs with fresh zest.

'Of course if you *will* misunderstand me'—there were tears as of blood in her voice—'if you *will* seek a pretext for quarrelling, I have no choice but to express my regret. But I need hardly *say* what I think.'

The voice died away behind a handkerchief. I folded the duster, put it in its drawer, and sat down.

'May I offer you some coffee?' I asked.

The lady shook her head.

'I have barely tasted food for ten days'—and she looked fixedly out of the window.

'Have you been ill?' I inquired.

'There are worse ills than those of the body,' replied Agatha Crabbe. 'It is torture to feel that one is hated where once one was loved; that those you so willingly served only wish you well out of the way.'

'Yes,' said I. 'It must be quite appalling to think that.'

'It never pays,' resumed my friend, 'to count much on the good of human nature.'

'Those who know themselves,' I assented, 'are not likely to do so.'

There was a pause.

'I thought, of course, when our lease had expired,' Miss Crabbe then continued, 'that it would be nice for many things to buy our house. I thought friends would like us to do so. But it has been made so very plain that we're not wanted, that I felt—whatever loss it might mean to us—we must not be a nuisance to others.'

Her profile, as she looked through the window, was a study in spite—her voice dull with ill-suppressed venom.

'There are not many people,' I said admiringly, 'who make others their first consideration when it comes to house property.'

'There are not many people,' she answered with face still averted, 'who try to spoil other folks' lives for them.'

'No,' said I. 'What a mercy that is!'

'Mrs. Bridges,' continued my visitor, 'Mrs. Bridges was saying only yesterday, when I told her what a sum we had paid for

cancelling the bargain of purchase, that she thought it outrageous we should give up so much just for friends.'

She paused for a comment, but got none.

'So I said how, under ordinary circumstances, one would simply not dream of the sacrifice—but that really, when it came to a case of being almost driven out of the neighbourhood——'

She gulped down her tears. I sat silent.

'Of course'—she suddenly turned on me with fury—'of course you can't guess what I mean. Of course you think silence so dignified. But if you had heard what Mrs. Bridges said of you——'

'Of me?' I inquired.

'Of you and the publisher,' repeated my informant, still boiling. 'She said your treatment of me was infamous.'

I heard a heavy step in the passage. My husband had been busy with letters, and was later than usual in starting.

I went to the door and looked out. 'Will you come here a moment?' I asked.

'You will be interested to hear,' I continued, as Tom stood looking from one to the other, 'what Miss Crabbe has been stating about us to Mrs. Bridges in connection with the purchase of Deep Sea House. She has described the cancel of her deed as part of a forced exodus from Goshen, and the persecutors who inflict this loss are you and I.'

'Indeed!' said Tom quietly. 'I will look in at the agent's on my way, and hear his account of the matter.'

As was to be expected under the circumstances, Miss Crabbe here developed hysterics.

Some hours later we were reading a letter in which Archibald Crabbe, Esq., stated with emphasis that the projected purchase of Deep Sea House had been stopped by his sister's own proceedings. That her complaints to the agent about the garden and orchard had been so incessant that that individual had at last turned to bay, and disposed of the property to a prior applicant. That Mrs. Bridges had been duly informed of Miss Crabbe's misrepresentations. That his household, leaving London within the month, bade us farewell with heartfelt regret.

'What about the curse, Tom?' I inquired.

Tom grinned; but no reply was forthcoming.

The tuning-fork still hangs near my heart.

H. MEYER HENNE.

THE IMPERIAL MANCHU FAMILY.

It is a sad sight to see a once really noble and courageous ruling house crumble away so utterly as the Manchus threaten to do. Although it is well known to what race they belong, and the vicissitudes of that race as a whole are clearly traceable back through many centuries of Chinese history, nothing very specific is recorded of the royal Tungusic tribelet known as 'Manchu' beyond the fact that it was one of the petty clan organisations of what we now call Kirin, and that the clan chieftain Nurhachi displayed such extraordinary military talent, that he soon managed to weld a number of cognate clans into a formidable political power. The very name Manchu is of obscure if not very doubtful origin, and in the first stages of its appearance it stands for a tiny community which was so ignorant and uncouth that even the personal appellations of the earlier chiefs were unknown to their descendants. Nurhachi died in 1627 at the age of sixty-eight, and his fifth son, Abukhayé, carried on the work of expansion, which culminated in the conquests of Corea, Mongolia, and China; but he also died early, just before the entry of the Manchu troops, under his brother Torkun, into Peking in 1644; and the first real Emperor of China was Abukhayé's son, little more than an infant, who reigned eighteen years, chiefly under the regency of his uncles. From that day up to the fatal year 1874, when the eighth Emperor T'ung-chi died childless, the succession has been from father to son without a single break; not necessarily to the eldest, for the second Emperor (1662-1722) had so much trouble with his sons, and the palace intrigues that concentrated round successively designated heirs-apparent were so dangerous, that his successors adopted the expedient of secretly selecting and hiding the name of the heir in a casket carefully concealed in an inaccessible spot somewhere in the rafters of one of the inner palace halls. But, notwithstanding, the rule has always been succession from father to son, subject to the reigning Emperor's testamentary choice of sons.

To go back for an instant to the early Manchus: it is interesting to note amongst the leading clan names of A.D. 1600 that of

Nala, the present Empress-Dowager's tribe; but the royal Manchu ruling house was surnamed Aisin-Ghioro, which appears to mean 'Gold-relatives,' the word 'gold' perhaps referring to the Gold River at and above Harbin, where the Russians are now fighting, the ancient political seat of the most powerful of the Manchu races. Down to this day collaterals of the reigning family write upon their red paper visiting 'cards' the Manchu word *Ghioro*, just as the remote descendants in the direct line write the Chinese words signifying 'clansman.' Thus the now famous Generalissimo Junglu, about whose vigorous army reorganisation so much has been heard, would always sign himself (if in any way related by blood on the male side to the ruling house) as 'The Clansman Junglu,' or 'The Ghioro Junglu.' The cards of first-class princes run: 'The Agnate Prince Kung;' of the second, 'The Fürst Prince Twan,' and so on. When Nurhachi began his conquests, the Manchus were not only totally ignorant of letters, but all tradition even of those used by their imperial ancestors the Gold River dynasty ejected in A.D. 1200 by Genghis Khan, had totally disappeared; so that Nurhachi and Abukhayé between them had to adopt a modified form of the Mongol which they at first unsuccessfully tried to use, and which in its adapted and improved shape is the Manchu writing of our own time: of course at that date there was no question of visiting cards or refinement of any kind; everything had to be learned.

The leading characteristics of the seventeenth-century Manchus were manliness and simplicity. All the Emperors have studiously avoided what may be called 'Byzantine' luxury, and the first four were frugal and decidedly economical besides; they were particularly solicitous not to permit their race to fall into priggish Chinese ways, and more especially not to allow palace eunuchs to hold any effective power. They had always before them the fate of previous Tartar dynasties. The Rev. John Ross, who has lived long amongst and thoughtfully described the Manchus of Mukden, well wrote, exactly twenty-four years ago, words which now sound prophetic: 'The Ming dynasty committed suicide, just as the Daching will, if they permit lawlessness, licentiousness, and corruption to rule their rulers.' I may explain that the Ming dynasty was the effeminate eunuch-ridden house displaced by Abakhayé; and Ta-ts'ing, or 'Great Clear' dynasty, is the official designation of the ruling Manchu house, first adopted by him when he decided to pose as an Emperor

instead of a mere *han* (Khan). The four first monarchs, and even the fifth to a certain extent, were hunting men; the periodical battues of big game driven by an army of beaters into a vast enclosure were intended not only for sport, but primarily to keep up the love of a fresh outdoor life, the capacity to take exercise and live on simple food, the courage necessary to face tigers, and so on. I have twice been through the chief hunting-park, which occupies an area between Dolonor and Jehol almost as extensive as Yorkshire; but, ever since the accession of the present Emperor's grandfather in 1821, hunting has been abandoned, except mere pic-nic parties in the Peking parks; Chinese squatters have been allowed to encroach, and most of the game has disappeared. Still, even now, there is a certain air of bluff and booted manliness amongst the best Manchus as compared with the slippered and slippery Chinese, although the fusion has at last become so complete that the Tartar language has disappeared altogether, and it is often difficult to distinguish the one race externally from the other. The present elegant semi-official dress, familiar to most of us through photographs, consisting of a perfectly plain belted silk gown, with large slits showing black boots, is essentially Manchu (the arrangement of slits is a mark of rank too); and it will be noticed that the princes usually prefer to have their portraits taken without the frippery of hats and feathers. It is difficult to realise that the 'pigtail,' of which all Chinamen are now so proud—for it really suits them—is a purely Manchu idea, and, together with the Manchu dress (narrow sleeves, &c.), had to be imposed under penalty of death; it was also attempted to prevent Chinese women from squeezing their feet, but that painful luxury was found ineradicable.

The only specimens of genuine imperial Manchus with whose features I am personally acquainted are Prince Tun, the father of the now notorious Prince Twan, and Prince Ch'un, the father of the reigning Emperor. Both are dead now, but both, when I saw them, were walking incognito with some friends in the 'Strand' of Peking—a street of booksellers and sweetmeat shops outside the Tartar walls in what is known to Europeans as the 'Chinese city.' It was a fair day, and Prince Tun was engaged in the plebeian amusement of peering into a 'French' stereoscopic street stand of doubtful respectability. At that time (1870), neither he nor his brother was of much account, as their nephew T'ung-chi was still reigning, and their brother, Prince Kung (the chief 'Foreign

Minister'), was the only one of the imperial family with any shreds of reputation left after the flight of the Emperor Hienfêng and the peace of Peking. Prince Tun was then colloquially known as the fifth prince, and he was usually spoken of both by Chinese and foreigners as a 'beast,' for which reason I followed him about to get a good look at him. Prince Ch'un was the 'seventh prince,' and, so far as I can recollect, was then considered a dullard, or non-entity. Prince Kung was the sixth son of the Emperor Taokwang, and Hienfêng was the fourth. All the princes of the family have a strong family likeness, but it is more marked between the Princes Ch'un and Kung, who probably come of one mother. The chief points are a heavy sensual mouth, with just a suspicion of 'underhangedness' about the lower lip, and a decided scowl. Otherwise the faces are not ill-looking, though the expression is imperiously vicious; possibly this evil look is partly owing to a suppressed sense of shame and wrong. On several occasions, when riding in the broad streets of Peking, which are raised causeways considerably above the level of the side-walks, I came across young Manchu princes on horseback surrounded by their retainers. Judging by the picture of Prince Twan I see in some of the illustrated papers, I seem to recognise the face of a young man who once spoke to me pleasantly when I cantered up to him to escape the guards who were officiously trying to edge me down the side. But if that was he, his name was not then Prince Twan, a title he could only bear after his father's death, and he must now be a man of fifty. The son does not necessarily bear a title with a name like his father's title, and the title, apart from its name, is always one degree lower in rank, unless (like Prince Kung's) it is an 'irreducible' one (*wang t'i*). The Manchu officials one meets in the provinces, usually of high rank, are quite indistinguishable at first sight from Chinese; as a rule, being less literary in their tastes, they are also less *rusé*, and have a little more of what we should call the 'bearing of a gentleman' about them; but they are also apt to be more irritable, haughty, incompetent, and indiscreet. I had an imperial clansman for my teacher at Peking; and two *ghioro* held rather high office when I was at Canton. As a rule, it may be said that all such scions of royalty rather resemble our ideal 'mean whites,' and when they do not consort with gamblers and bullies in order to eke out a bare subsistence, their lazy up-breeding turns them into spiritless debauchees, without even the republican sprightliness of the John Chinaman *vulgaris*.

All the imperial personal names are under strict tabu, and it is quite impossible to ascertain the native Manchu appellations of any of the Emperors; even the word Nurhachi is rarely written or spoken, and in any case he was a mere savage whose name 'got out' before he became anybody; not one person in a hundred thousand in China ever heard of the existence of Abukhaye, who is always known as T'ai-tsung, as though we should say *Secundus Divus*. The four imperial brothers above enumerated, *i.e.* the Emperor Hienfêng (a mere date name or reign style, like the papal Pius, Felix, or Leo), Prince Tun, Prince Kung, and Prince Ch'un, are personally called in Chinese, Yichu, Yitsung, Yihin, and Yihwan respectively; but the word *chu* must always be mutilated in writing or in print, as though out of respect for Her Majesty we should write V-ctoria or Viet-ia. Nor durst any one except the Emperor, or close relatives in equal or higher degree, even utter the personal names of the princes, let alone write them. All this is in imitation of 'Byzantine' Chinese ways, which, however, in this respect, seem to prevail all over North Asia, and may be of older origin than China herself. The Chinese personal names of the Manchu Emperors, beginning with Abukhaye's son, are Fulin, Hüanye, Yinchên, Hungli, Yungyen, Mienning, Yichu, Tsaichun, and Tsait'ien; but I should not advise any one to go crying these sounds about the streets of Peking, unless armed with a knobbed stick. The sensible Emperor K'ien-lung (Hungli) endeavoured to make the indispensable tabu as easy as possible for the 'silly people,' by changing the sounds of certain syllables so as not to interfere with the free use of current language; and his successors have gone further, by giving rare and practically meaningless syllables as Imperial names; thus no one in the whole course of his life need ever write the characters *chu*, *hin*, *tsung*, or *hwan*; for no one has the faintest idea what they originally mean, and, if curious, must hunt up in a dictionary to find out. The tabu does not now extend to the first or categorical syllable. All of the generation of Taokwang must have names beginning with Mien, and all of the generation of the last two Emperors must in the same way be Tsai. It is exactly as though all our royal family were Athelstanes, Athelhelms, or Athelberts in the generation of George III.; Egberts, Egwins, or Egwolfs in that of the Duke of Kent; and Edmonds, Edreds, or Edwards in the generation of Queen Victoria; and as though we wrote Athelst-n, Egb-t, and Edm-nd, &c., out of respect for the brother who was king.

Now the whole dynastic difficulty of our present generation has arisen out of the spiritual fact that, when Tsaichun died, there was no son to succeed him; if he had had a brother, his brother's son given in adoption would have done very well; but he not only had not a son or a nephew of P'u degree to perform the *sacra*, both private and imperial, but he had to go back for a heir to his uncles, even to get a Tsai of any kind, not to say a P'u. There are two points upon which I am not certain, as I only paid a cursory passing attention to events at the time, and have left certain documents in China. Some say the young Empress was *enceinte*; but, even if she was, the child might have been a girl, and, in any case, there must have been an interregnum, which, in China, means intrigue and danger all round. The other point is: Was there any of the P'u category already born to any one whomsoever in 1874? If there were, I presume the grandson of any of the deceased Emperor's uncles would, in the absence of a son or nephew, have been admissible. But even here there were hitches. Prince Tun was no longer the imperial son of Taokwang; he had been given, in 1845, in adoption to that Emperor's childless brother Mienk'ai (Prince Tun), who died in 1838. Moreover, in 1854 and 1856 his brother Hienfêng had been obliged to censure and degrade him for evil living. The Viceroy, Chang Chî-tung, one of the most learned men in China, is my authority for the following rule: 'The descendants of Emperors may not perform the imperial *sacra* in their private capacity; but they may perform the *sacra privata* to the Emperor as their father.' Thus the sons of the three imperial brethren of an Emperor are bound to regard each of their fathers as the head of a new branch, and cannot worship further back than their father's own shrine. But Prince Tun, having been given in adoption to the elder one of that name, was not able to regard even his own father (the Emperor Taokwang) privately as such; he had to offer private *sacra* to Mienk'ai. *A fortiori*, his son (now called Prince Twan) must have been excluded from all prospect of the imperial succession, even if he had then had a son of the P'u category to 'trade off.' Then, as to the next brother, Prince Kung: I cannot say if at that time his son (of the Tsai category) had already a son of the P'u group; but as the hereditary Prince Kung is now named P'uwei, I suppose either that his father was dead in 1874, or that the late Prince Kung his grandfather had only then living one son (now dead) to

perform his own *sacra privata*. Anyway, the upshot of it all was (and it had to be decided in a few hours) that Prince Ch'un's son, whose mother was a sister of the present Empress-Dowager, was chosen as Emperor. If the generation had been all right, *i.e.* if Tsait'ien, the son thus chosen, had instead had a son elected, all might still have been well, and the spirits could have rejoiced to their hearts' content. But unfortunately 'equals cannot sacrifice to equals, nor can a man adopt his equal;' or, as the Romans used to put it, *Qui sibi filium per adoptionem facit, plenâ pubertate præcedere debet*. The only thing, therefore, was to create a precedent; and Chinamen loathe precedents as Anglican bishops loathe genuflexions. It was arranged that Tsait'ien's son (when he should come) should be given in posthumous adoption to Tsaichun. This was very comfortable for Tsaichun (the Emperor T'ung-ch'ü); but how about the imperial *sacra* of the reigning Emperor Tsait'ien (Kwang-sü)?

These worrying considerations so afflicted the classical mind of a censor named Wu K'o-tuh (1878) that he 'worked it all out' in a long memorial, arriving at the total result that the *dii manes* would certainly not tolerate such a job, and that the dynasty must ultimately come to grief. Knowing that 'his head and his body would be in different places' if he personally represented this, he sent in his memorial by post (just as Baron Calice sent his card to Prince Ferdinand), and committed suicide, pinning a draft of it either to his coat-tail or to the table-cloth. But he was determined to have some show for his money; being perfectly aware that his paper would be a saleable commodity, and ultimately suppressed, he took care to send copies about; and at the time they appeared I published a full translation in the *Hongkong Daily Press*; but I have since lost it, and now only write from memory. Meanwhile, I have no doubt the harassed soul of Wu K'o-tuh is gloating over the success of his predictions; but Tsaichun is still minus his *sacra*, and Tsait'ien can neither produce a son for himself nor for his cousin. The only person who comes fairly well out of it all is the Empress-Dowager, who has at least got an adoptive son in hand to make up for the natural one deceased; and, unless he dies before her, she thus secures sacrifices to herself and her late husband.

The Dowager-Empress only recently became aware of the fact that the reigning Emperor was unlikely to have descendants of his own, and she was perfectly right, according to her own lights,

in trying to find a P'u to make things comfortable for the ghosts of her husband, herself, and her sons. She is certainly not going to murder the son in hand until sure of a spiritual successor to him (which includes herself). All the gossip about her having assassinated Tsaichun's *enceinte* wife, and having desired to assassinate Tsait'ien, &c., is untrustworthy. No one can see into the villainies of the human heart, and of course all things are possible in China as elsewhere; but, so far as I can judge, the unfortunate woman has pluckily done the best she can for the dynasty.

As to the claptrap which has been written about the origin of the Empress-Dowager herself, the following is her true official record:—

1854, second moon, decree: The *kwei-jên*, *née* Nala, is advanced to be the *pin* of I.

1856, third moon. Divus Severus, the Emperor Valens, was born; being His Majesty's eldest son. His mother, the *pin* of I, advanced to be *fei* and then *kwei-fei*, was the present Empress-Dowager Ts'z-hi, *née* Nala.

1857, first moon, decree: The *fei* of I is advanced to be *kwei-fei* of I.

Twelfth moon: Special and assistant envoys [named] sent with insignia to patent the *pin* of I, *née* Nala, as *kwei-fei* of I.

In the first place she belongs to the good old family of Nala, and it does not in the least matter whether this is by adoption or not, as stated by some writers, for only Manchus can be adopted by Manchus. But it is not usual to adopt girls, for their destiny is to be given out of the family, and they cannot perform *sacra*; hence adoption is rarely desired. Secondly, she began her career, so far as appears from official records, as a *kwei-jên*, which, with the other three titles given, we have, in the absence of suitable English words, to translate 'concubine of the 5th, 4th, 3rd, and 2nd rank.' But even if she was first a slave, or anything below the fifth rank, that would be no disgrace in a Manchu serving the Emperor; for it is an honour reserved even for male Manchus of the highest rank (not princes) to call themselves 'slave' in addressing the Emperor; few Chinese have the right to do so. The word 'concubine' has an objectionable meaning for us, which the Chinese words do not convey; moreover, the Empress Ts'z-an, who was sole Empress when T'ung-chi was born, was herself a *kwei-fei* until 1852, the first wife of Hienfêng having died, and there being no Empress when he succeeded. The titles appearing under the decree of 1856 are of course anticipatory, for no history of an Emperor is ever composed, or at least published, until that Emperor dies; in the same way

Ts'z-hi's name and advancements are in anticipation. I believe (but I do not know) that she and her colleague were made 'West' and 'East' Empresses in 1858, and only obtained the titles Ts'z-hi and Ts'z-an after Hienfêng's death.

An interesting point has been raised in connection with this extraordinary desire to propitiate the *dii manes* and preserve the continuity of the family, *gens*, or tribe. As a matter of fact, the Manchus have 'acquired the taste' for ghosts—it is not a natural love—and it is only their Chinese degeneracy that causes them to lay such stress on the matter. The tombs of Nurhachi and Abakhaye near Mukden are not kept in very good repair, and even the West Tombs of the great Emperors north of Pao-tung Fu are (if, as I suppose, they are kept in condition) left severely alone. It is her own husband (which means also herself) that the Empress-Dowager is so anxious about, and for that reason it would be wise to utilise this feeling by occupying her proposed resting-place in the mountain cemetery where her husband and son lie—supposing that she or any of the imperial princes wickedly detain the persons of our envoys.¹ With some nations, to pull the nose or the beard is a more deadly insult than to cut the head off. Many persons seem shocked at the idea of desecrating *mausolea*, but are quite ready to demand executions. Surely it is more merciful to (figuratively) pull a man's nose than to cut his head off, especially if, by threatening to do so, you can stop him from cutting your friends' heads off? If, in spite of threats, the said man or woman in this case persists in committing a crime against the elementary 'law of nations,' it is his or her own fault if he or she finds a memorial stone to the victim erected on the top of his own ancestor's or her own husband's grave.

E. H. PARKER.

¹ Since this was written they have been rescued; but I leave the 'principle' on record. Her gorgeous tomb cost nearly a million sterling.

MORE HUMOURS OF IRISH LIFE.

IN a previous article on Irish humour I approached the subject with diffidence and an apology. I do so now in a very different spirit, for the last few months have witnessed a marvellous change, and the threadbare subject has been clothed in a brocade such as it certainly never expected to wear. Some time ago I heard a young lady who knows everything—or thinks she does, which is much the same in a world which takes you at your own valuation—describe a shamrock to a friend as a plant ‘with a green leaf and a *white flower*’—in fact, a sort of flowering shrub. Since that explanation was given knowledge has been increased, and the despised plant, from being forbidden to grow in Irish soil, has been invited over to take up its abode in English, while the ‘no Irish need apply’ spirit, and the still more trying ‘they’re Irish,’ which was held to account fully for any lapse in manners or morals, has passed away, to give place to a flattering admiration as surprising as it is pleasing. Most striking of all, perhaps, is the sudden discovery I have made during the last few weeks that all my friends had Irish grandmothers. There has been, so to speak, a sort of general resurrection of Irish ancestors, principally grandmothers, who, up to now, have occupied the position of the valet in the photograph, ‘not showing, but to be there if they’re wanted.’ In a word, we have woken up to find ourselves that magic thing—the fashion—while what we are told is the sincerest form of flattery has extended itself even to our tongue, and if any one was enterprising enough to start an academy for instruction in the various phases of an Irish brogue, he would, I am convinced, find it crowded with enthusiastic learners. The humour of all this none, perhaps, but the ‘native born’ can fully appreciate, and his worst enemy cannot deny that so far he has borne himself with dignity in his altered position, and has welcomed to his shores with genuine enthusiasm the First Lady of the Land, allowing no shadow from the ‘might have been’ to mar his appreciation of one of the most gracious acts of a gracious reign. The attempt to convince an Irishman that he is an Englishman has failed signally, as any such attempt was bound to do; but an effort to teach him that he is a son of the Empire has yet to be made, and what his response to that will be

the record of the South African campaign can tell. Ireland has always been the subject of theories, and among them that of our origin has ever held a prominent place. We have been assigned at different times, with more, or generally less, reason, to the Moors, the Lost Tribes, and various other progenitors, but never, strange to say, has an Arabian descent been suggested for us, though Arab blood has been traced in our horses, if not in ourselves, and surely nowhere but in Ireland could the Arab proverb, 'Hurry is from the devil,' have had its origin. There, if anywhere, is the region the poet had in his thoughts when he sang of the land where it was always yesterday, for there, if anywhere, you realise the utter impossibility of its ever being to-morrow. 'Ah! give her time, give her time,' said an Irish porter to an unreasonable traveller who wanted to know why the train was half an hour late. 'Shure, she's comin' now; I hear the crathure screechin'!' as the engine whistled; and that 'Give her time' is the keynote of Irish history. Give an Irishman time and he'll ask for nothing more; his other necessity—a grievance—he'll find for himself.

A friend of mine was travelling on one of the light railways, along which Mr. Balfour ran himself with such wonderful rapidity into the affection of the Irish people—the only rapid thing, be it remarked, ever connected with them. She had to, what is called, 'change' at a certain station, and the change itself merits description. Passenger and luggage having been carefully deposited on the platform, the train retires about ten yards from the station, where it sits down and rests for half an hour, after which it returns to the platform, the passengers and their belongings are replaced, and when every one has done talking the train moves on. My friend, having been duly turned out, inquired of a porter whether there was time to go into the town. 'Well, no indeed, your Honour,' said he, 'there is not, seein' that the thrain goes out at five—but shure, if it ud be any convanience to ye, we'll make it half-past,' he added politely, thinking she looked disappointed. The lady disclaimed any desire to interfere with railway regulations, and went for a short stroll, returning to the platform in time to hear the friendly porter inform an inquiring passenger that 'the thrain wint out ivery day at five o'clock, but they'd made it half-past that day to oblige a lady.' It is rash, many people think, to travel without a railway guide, but in Ireland it is equally if not more so to attempt to travel by one.

'Are ye goin' to git in or are ye not?' I heard a guard say to

a group of friends who had descended from their carriage to hold a family party on the platform. 'D'ye think we can keep the thrain here the whole day, waitin' for the likes of ye?' He *had* kept it quite half the day, as I knew to my cost when we arrived at the junction hopelessly late, but where everything, even trains, are indefinite, you cannot be hard on obliging officials. 'What time does the S—— train go out?' inquired a would-be passenger of a porter. 'Twenty minutes past two, y'r Honour,' said the functionary. A vague feeling that that was not the hour mentioned in Bradshaw made further inquiry seem desirable, this time of a higher official. 'Half-past two, sorr,' was the answer. 'But the porter told me twenty past.' 'Ah, begorra, what does the likes of him know about it? Shure, haven't I been here these eighteen years, an' doesn't the thrain always lave at half-past two? But shure if ye don't belave me ye can ax the masther.' The traveller did. 'A quarter to three, sir,' said the highest authority, and, added my informant, 'it went at three.' 'Anybody here for there?' is a variation of the familiär 'Change for ——' which requires explanation in the case of unimaginative foreigners; and here I may insert an anecdote for the benefit of intending travellers who are not acquainted with our climate. At a large exhibition of pictures an Irishman was standing, catalogue in hand, before a vivid representation of the Deluge, when an old lady, seeing he had a catalogue, asked him to tell her the subject of the painting. 'A summer's day in the West of Ireland, madam,' replied the Irishman promptly.

Before quitting the subject of travelling I will pass on to the last journey of all, for humour follows an Irishman even to his grave. With advancing civilisation the glories of wakes have become a thing of the past, though they are still living who can remember 'his Honour's' funeral, and how they waked him three days dressed in his best for the admiration of an admiring tenantry, who crowded into the 'corpse house,' and, while the hearse was waiting at the door, seized the coffin and ran away with it helter skelter, down the drive, and past the lodge where the disconsolate widow was sitting on a chair placed on a table in the window, and combing her hair for consolation, while she waited to see the funeral *cortège* pass. That is now ancient history, but the present day is not devoid of humour. 'Michael Ryan begs to inform the public that he has a large stock of cars, waggonettes, brakes, hearses, and other pleasure vehicles for sale

or hire,' runs an advertisement in a local paper, the same paper which, in a glowing description of a funeral, announced that 'Mrs. B. of G—— sent a magnificent wreath of artificial flowers in the form of a cross.' In these days, when we hear so much of the monotony of church services in former times, it is well to remember that in Ireland at any rate they were not without their diversions. In a little church in the west the singing was conducted by the sexton, who marched up and down the aisle, beating time with a stick. Temperance societies were not then the fashion, and one Sabbath morning in the middle of the Psalm he suddenly fell flat on his face in the aisle, where he lay weeping copiously and vociferating loudly, 'They may say what they like, but sorra a dhrop has passed me lips this blessed mornin',' till he was removed by sympathising friends. This same church was ministered to for many years by an old clergyman, a convert or pervert, according as one looks at it, from Romanism. Towards the end of his days, being very feeble and finding a difficulty in getting through the long service, where quantity made up for other deficiencies, it became his custom when tired to stand up and say, 'Is there any young man or young woman in this church who would like to sing a psalm or a hymn, or a bit of a hymn?' Then any young man or young woman who felt moved stood up and performed a solo out of Tate and Brady. After which the old gentleman would resume the service till he felt the need of further assistance. When, owing to old age, he was obliged to resign his living, he arrived at the house of his principal parishioner armed with the parish registers, and, asking for a private interview, explained that he was sure she would not like the young ladies' ages to be found out by the incoming parson, so he had brought up the registers that they might get rid of the tell-tale pages. His thoughtfulness and consideration were highly appreciated by the grateful mother, and the two worthies set to work between them and never stopped till they had cut out and burned the obnoxious record. There was no doubt quite as much, if not more, real piety in former days as in our own, but that reflection need not make us the less thankful that its outward expression has changed, and 'more of reverence in us dwells' as regards sacred things, though even now there is still room for improvement, as the following will show.

A few years ago in a country parish, the parson, arriving at church on a cold wet Sunday, walked up the aisle, and, divesting

himself of his mackintosh, which he hung on the altar rails to dry, proceeded to take off his coat, and after that a knitted waistcoat. Seeing astonishment and horror depicted on at least one of the countenances around him, he turned round and, addressing the congregation, said pleasantly, 'Don't be frightened, I'm not going to take off anything more'—an assurance which was, let us hope, as comforting as, under the circumstances, it was surprising.

We have been drifting gradually towards a subject where humour is rampant, but where respect for our spiritual guides makes me fear to tread. Yet, fortunately for us, it is their office we are taught to respect, not their sermons, for our duty would indeed be difficult to fulfil if the latter were the case; but, bearing in mind that, as it is not the cowl that makes the monk, so it is not the sermon that makes the priest, I hope to be acquitted of any irreverence in giving a few samples of pulpit eloquence. It is true, we admit every Sunday, that it would be a great marvel if the clergy were everything they are wanted to be; but, all things considered, it seems a greater marvel still that their sermons should be what they are. If the office were hereditary, if every clergyman came into the world, so to speak, in a choker and black coat, it might be comprehensible; but when we reflect that for at least three-and-twenty years they have themselves endured and groaned under all that we of the laity suffer, it does seem marvellous that, once elevated above the common herd, the bitter past should be immediately forgotten, and they proceed to inflict upon their helpless fellowmen all that they themselves so lately writhed under. From personal observation I am led to think that a parson never, or at least very rarely, listens to a brother cleric. Hidden from the vulgar gaze, in the gloom of the chancel, there are many possibilities open to him, and if you do catch a glimpse of his countenance it wears invariably that indescribable expression which Jerome K. Jerome ascribes to Fox terriers when they are thinking of their mothers. It may be that clerical etiquette forbids criticism, and to listen without criticising would be too much for human nature, or it may be that they know too well what is coming. I readily admit that we have no right to expect eloquence—that, the most glorious of all gifts, belongs only to the few—but sense we surely might always have. When a discreet and learned minister begins his sermon: 'My brethren, as there are countries where the sun never sets, so there are also countries where the sun never rises,' and proceeds to

discourse on 'the rivers of ice which flow down from the North Pole,' it is a little difficult to receive in a proper spirit the godly admonitions which come to us interspersed with such scientific knowledge; or, when he implores us to relinquish certain sins, assuring us they are 'equally wrong, but not quite so bad' as others we have been taught to avoid, the result is obvious—the exhortation remains, while the sins are forgotten. I remember a good man, under whose ministry I used to sit in my younger days. His family history (as told by himself) had something pathetic in it. His father had sailed away on board one of the ships of the Queen's Navy that traded between London and the Port of Australia, from which destination, to the grief of his family, he never returned, and though they wrote constantly to the Rector of Australia, begging for information regarding him, they received no reply whatever from that discourteous ecclesiastic.

In a remote country village, far from the madding crowd, German speculative theories, with which he was more familiar than geography, would have seemed about the last thing likely to influence his flock; but he was ever haunted by an awful fear of the havoc that might be wrought among them by such pernicious doctrines, if they were not duly warned. 'My britheren,' he said on one occasion, 'there are some German philosophers that say there is no Resurrection, and, me britheren, it would be better for thim German philosophers if, like Judas Iscariot, they had never been born;' and this recalls to my mind another discourse, where the preacher wound up with the comforting assurance that if we paid due attention to the instruction we had just received from him we would 'all return to our several homes like babes refreshed with new-made wine.'

It was on another occasion that the same speaker, having ascended the pulpit, gave out his text with all due solemnity as follows: 'My text is taken from the thirty-sixth chapter of Genesis, and the second verse—"And Esau took his wives of the daughters of Canaan"—or rather, I should say, the twenty-seventh chapter and the thirty-eighth verse—"Bless me, even me also, O my father!"'—and then, as one of his hearers aptly remarked, he proceeded to preach a sermon which had nothing to say to either of them.

Absent-mindedness and a weakness for metaphor are no doubt responsible for much. To the former I credit a discourse in

which the rev. preacher alluded to 'Goliath fighting on behalf of the Israelites, while King Solomon sat by moodily in his tent,' and to the latter a striking simile, which deeply impressed the feminine portion of the congregation, who were told that 'the grave was the great wardrobe of the world, where we are folded up and put by, to be taken out new at the Resurrection.' But both of these are eclipsed by an eloquent speaker, who, in the course of an extempore address, had wandered into mediæval history: 'And that haythen Soliman,' he said, 'whin he was lying dead upon the ground, sat up, and said to his friends, "Behold you now see the end of Soliman."'

I do not deny that there may occasionally be a want of comprehension on the part of the audience. 'What was the sermon about to-day, Mary?' inquired a mistress of her domestic. 'Please, m'm,' said Mary, twisting the corner of her apron, 'I've forgotten the text, but it was about young men.' 'Oh, really!' said the lady; 'and what else was it about?' 'Please, m'm, it was about young women too.' 'But can you tell me anything Mr. B. said?' 'I couldn't repeat it exactly, m'm, for it was a mixed-up kind of sermon; but it was very interesting,' added the maiden.

But any attempt to fathom the mind of a congregation is usually fraught with danger. A priest who had delivered what seemed to him a striking sermon was anxious to ascertain its effect on his flock. 'Was the sermon to-day to y'r liking, Pat?' he inquired of one of them. 'Throth, y'r Riverence, it was a grand sermon intirely,' said Pat, with such genuine admiration that his Reverence felt moved to investigate further. 'Was there any one part of it more than another that seemed to take hold of ye?' he inquired. 'Well, now, as ye are for axin' me, begorra I'll tell ye. What tuk houlth of me most was y'r Riverence's parseverance—the way ye wint over the same thing agin and agin and agin. Sich parseverance I niver did see in anny man, before nor since.'

One sample more and I have finished, for I cannot do better than bring my article to an end with the concluding words of a sermon on Grace—'And, me brithren, if ye have in y'r hearts *wan* spark of heavenly grace, wather it, wather it continually.'

DIAPHENIA

SHEPHERDS, since my time is come
 Nothing loth my life I yield,
 Put aside my task;
 When my heavy lids are sealed,
 When my aching lips are dumb,
 This alone I ask:

Lay me not in churchyard ground,
 Though I die a very maid,
 Though my sins be light,
 Lest my poor uneasy shade
 Break its consecrated bound,
 Wander through the night,

Take the path that skirts the wood,
 Haunt with tears the hollow green
 Underneath the hill,
 Where a garden once has been,
 Where a wingéd image stood,
 Half a garden still.

There I sate and kept my sheep,
 While the shepherd piped his flute,
 While the spring was fair;
 When September strowed the fruit,
 There my heart was buried deep:
 Shepherds, lay me there.

BOWYER NICHOLS.

FIGHTING A PRIVATEER.

EDITED BY MRS. M. C. M. SIMPSON.

[My uncle, Colonel Henry Senior, entered the army in 1813, and was immediately appointed aide-de-camp to his cousin General Fuller, at that time commanding the British troops in Jamaica. On his voyage out he met with various strange adventures, of which the following letter addressed to my father contains a graphic account.]

Up Park Camp, Jamaica.

Dear Nassau,—On Friday, the 22nd of October, 1813, you know I left Falmouth. It was a dark, squally day, and attended with such singular omens as convinced all the packet's crew afterwards that all our misfortunes were in consequence of our sailing on a Friday, and not complying with their wish to wait till the following Sunday. The morning we went out a French frigate, captured, I believe, off the Channel, was brought in. We passed her at the entrance of Falmouth Harbour, and it seems she had been very carelessly throwing some men who had died of their wounds overboard, without the usual precaution of attaching some double-headed shot to the corpse. The consequence was that two bodies were discovered floating alongside of us. We lowered a boat and picked one of them up; on discovering what he was we returned him to his watery grave. This circumstance was declared by all the old sailors to prognosticate an action at sea and death to some of us, and our old cook believed that he saw the ghosts of these identical Frenchmen amusing themselves every night for a week afterwards by perching on the extremity of the bowsprit. As he was the only man to whom they were pleased to make themselves visible, he concluded they came to give him warning of approaching death. The poor man's presentiment was shortly verified.

On the 21st November our captain's reckoning made us within one day's sail of Barbadoes; the same evening, about sunset, we saw a large schooner apparently sailing in a different direction from ourselves, and our captain said she must be a trading vessel, usually in the West Indies termed 'Droughers,'

going from Barbadoes to Demerara, which appeared to be the course she was steering. The mate shook his head, and said he did not like the looks of her. We, however, did not alter our course; if our captain had done so in the night we should have escaped, but he had not the least idea what the schooner was. The next morning at daybreak the man at the masthead called out 'A sail right aft, apparently in chase.' We had a very light breeze, but the sail was then so far off that she could not be seen at all from the deck, and only faintly with a glass from the masthead. She was clearly gaining on us, and we went down to the cabin to breakfast at seven o'clock, all looking most ominously serious. I cannot say I felt particularly happy, but I tried to laugh it off, ate heartily, and got into an argument with the captain as to what my prize money would be if we went into action and took the privateer. On coming on deck after breakfast the strange sail had so gained on us that we saw her hull from deck, and shortly afterwards recognised her for the same schooner we had seen the evening before. Soon after we perceived that she was wetting her sails to make them hold more wind, and using every possible endeavour to come up with us. We followed her example in order to escape, for besides that we could gain nothing except hard blows, a packet's instructions are always to run if she can. As long as we had a tolerable breeze we outsailed the schooner, but she gained on us whenever it failed. At ten o'clock she was so close that we could see she had an English flag flying, and that she was prodigiously large and full of men. We now thought it time to prepare for action. The guns (we had four on each side, besides two large stern chasers) were accordingly loaded and the arm-chest opened. A cutlass and musket with ammunition were given to me, and I was appointed a sort of captain to some boys who were not strong enough to work the great guns at which every able-bodied man was employed. There were thirty altogether, without including myself and a steerage passenger, and of these five were boys, so that there were only twenty-five seamen for the great guns. By the time all our arrangements were finished it was eleven o'clock, and the privateer about a mile behind us. A breeze sprung up and we again outsailed her; at twelve she was two miles astern, and the man at the masthead exclaimed, 'Land, land, on the starboard bow!'

The breeze for a while freshened, and the beautiful green island of Barbadoes was distinctly seen emerging from the ocean—

the first land we had seen since we lost sight of the Land's End. At one o'clock we fancied ourselves only an hour's sail from Bridgetown. Orders were given to drag the cable from the hold where it had been stowed, and coil it upon deck ready to anchor. We were all in the highest spirits and thought very little of the schooner, and concluded, as she continued her course for Bridgetown, that she must be an English schooner. I went down to my cabin to dress to go on shore, and was anticipating the delight of a ride, when I was roused from my castle-building by the hoarse voice of the boatswain vociferating at the top of the companion steps, 'Mr. Senior, Mr. Senior, do you mean to turn doctor's mate below or take your place on deck?' I seized my musket, but before I could spring up the steps my ears were stunned by the firing off of our largest gun, the stern chaser. The fact was that while I was dressing below the breeze had entirely failed, and the privateer had consequently come up with us. We had made a private signal to her, supposing her to be an English ship, and she had answered by hauling down the English colours and hoisting the American standard. We were about two miles from the nearest point of land; it was about two o'clock. The privateer rapidly came up; all the crew mounted on the rigging or stood on the ship's side and managed to show us her immense superiority of numbers (just four to one), gave three most insulting cheers, and called on us by speaking trumpet to surrender to the American privateer *Fox*. Our brave little crew gave three cheers and fired a broadside as an answer. The privateer returned it instantly. The two ships were now within pistol shot, and I confess that when the grape shot from the first broadside was fired into us the strange whirr of the balls, as they whizzed about my ears, made me wince not a little. However, I had no time to examine my feelings, for after three successive broadsides and double the number of volleys of musketry, the privateer running her broadside over our quarter indicated an immediate intention to board. In an instant her deck was covered with about thirty or forty ruffian-like fellows, all brandishing their cutlasses and pouring a volley of true Yankee curses as well as small shot on us all. I was the foremost of those who ran to oppose the boarders, and the foremost of the Americans, after damning 'my heart, liver, and lights,' and discharging a brace of pistols at me (one of the balls passed through my coat collar), said he would give me no quarter, would make mincemeat of me and eat me for supper,

and was in the act of springing down upon me when I discharged my musket at him. I had reserved the charge for that moment, and I cannot express the satisfaction I felt on seeing the fellow instantly drop and pitch head foremost into the sea. The courage of those behind him evidently failed, and they suffered the ships to part again without boarding. I was sorry to find that two of our brave crew were lying dead on the deck, and the captain and master and several others severely wounded. The mate was left in command. I observed that they particularly aimed at the man at the helm. No one ever remained there ten minutes before he was killed or wounded, yet as fast as one dropped the next in turn took his place without even waiting to be called, although he incurred the certainty of being hit, perhaps killed. I was standing by the helmsman taking aim at a fellow at the privateer's masthead who was firing at the officers on board us, when the helmsman was mortally wounded. He fell against me, threw me down with him, and I was covered with his blood. On rising I witnessed the convulsions of death distorting the man's face. I felt most horribly shocked and a sensation I never had before or since. I observed a serious look on the faces of most of the sailors at the moment we were about to receive a broadside, and a smile of self-congratulation when the balls passed over our heads.

The deck now presented a horrid scene; more than half our crew lay killed or wounded, and it was so slippery with blood that I constantly fell. At length, towards the end of the action, I was wounded myself. My first endeavour after being struck down was to stand and resume my post. I found I could not, and half crawled and was half carried to the surgeon in the cabin. The ship struck directly after. The first thing our captors did was to pillage, which they did in a most brutal manner; the next to get drunk. I saw one man drink four bottles of porter and one of port wine. They then quarrelled in the cabin, where all the unfortunate wounded and dying were lying round them; one of the lieutenants knocked down his captain. A sentry was placed over me, though unable to turn in bed; he got drunk, and when I groaned with pain struck me for disturbing him. He was a Lascar. The privateer with the packet, manned by part of her own crew, sailed first towards the coast of Demerara, then crossed the line opposite Surinam, and we thought was steering for America. She altered her course and made Trinidad, and talked of landing us, but after tantalising us sailed towards Marguerita.

The wounded were in a dreadful state ; the cabin had no windows, and the only fresh air possible was through a skylight ; this the Yankees kept closed as a security against our rising (by miracle we presumed) from our beds and storming the deck. Every unwounded man they had taken on board their own pirate schooner. Already exhausted from loss of blood we were stowed together in the hold without a breath of air, under the line ; our wounds were in such a state that the stench annoyed the sailors in the deck above us ; our beds were soaked with blood and alive with vermin. We were fed on salt fish and a scanty allowance of water—what a regimen for a wounded man in the tropics !

The captain of the schooner *Fox* was born at Curaçoa, of French parents. I asked one of the Americans what countryman his master was. 'Half Frenchman, half Dutchman, half devil,' was the reply. I attempted to speak to this nondescript savage myself, and found him more civil than his officers. He told me that had he known we were a packet he would never have engaged us, that the mischief our fire had done was not compensated by the value of his prize, and besides, he had twenty of his best men killed and wounded, of which he complained as a still greater nuisance as he had no surgeon ; he was shot in the hand himself ; he acknowledged that we resisted him to our utmost. His name was Jacques. I was the only one of our crew that could talk to him ; he could not speak English, and three-fourths of his crew were foreigners. I made him restore to our captain, myself, and other officers part of our wardrobe, and told him he behaved like a pirate in detaining any of it. I asked him what was to become of us. He shrugged his shoulders and said he knew not, but was anxious to be rid of us. At length, after being a fortnight in the black hole of a cabin, I was told the ship had anchored. I was forbidden to go on deck, but the impulse was not to be resisted, and with great torture and in opposition to my captors, after one or two fainting fits, up I went. What a romantic scene presented itself ! We were at anchor in a complete bay about half a quarter of a mile from the uninhabited island of Blanco, and what a lovely island it is ! On each side of the bay two promontories running out presented a cavernous cliff to the sea ; a sloping wooded hill lay before us, winding round which a rivulet of crystal water emptied itself into the bay. The wood that covered the hill was full of the giant trees of the tropics, and the whole was so beautiful that I hoped, what every one else seemed

to dread, that the privateer intended to leave us there to shift for ourselves. I observed herds of goats and such immense flocks of wild birds that I was sure, if they gave us a gun and ammunition and allowed some of the unwounded sailors to accompany us, that we should not starve. I thought anything better than remaining with these brutes of Americans. One thing was a mystery; we saw three mules grazing on the island; they must have been brought there. Then we observed that the pirates landed all that was valuable out of the packet and carried it into the interior of the island; they would not allow the surgeon to land, though he wished to do so to gather herbs to dress our wounds. All this convinced me that Blanco was a sort of depôt; that it was frequently inhabited by some of these sea robbers, and that it was the pirate isle of Lord Byron in the West Indies.

We had been there twenty-four hours, ignorant of our fate, nor do I think our captors had decided upon it, when two small vessels appeared in sight steering for the harbour, one a sloop and the other a schooner, both under English colours. We learnt that they were from St. Thomas, and bound for Barcelona with a cargo of British manufactures to be exchanged for mules; their reason for touching at Blanco was to cut a supply of long grass to feed their expected cargo. On their coming round the farthest promontory, the privateer and packet both hoisted English colours, and the poor fellows fell directly into the trap. They came close to us and anchored, and then, and not till then, the English colours were pulled down to give place to the Yankee flag, and a gun was fired from us. Escape was out of the question, and so was resistance, and the two vessels were taken possession of without firing a shot. Here then was the nasty little privateer with her three prizes round her, each of the three larger than herself. The next day they pillaged their new prizes of everything that was valuable, and as the ships were not worth much, Captain Jacques announced to me his intention of giving up the sloop to the unwounded of the packet's crew, and putting the wounded on board the schooner—the *Anna Maria*—with sufficient provisions for four or five days, which would be the length of our run to Barcelona. On the third day this removal took place with infinite torture to the badly wounded.¹ I had saved twenty dollars, which I had lying by me and my watch, by

¹ My uncle was the greatest sufferer; the bullet was never found, and to the end of his life he was plagued with it and quite laid up at intervals.

tying them under the bandage I had fixed round my poor faithful dog on her having been wounded during the action. I was searched by the rascals, but my dog was allowed to follow me unmolested. I found on board the *Anna Maria* a comfortable, cool berth, and a civil, humane captain, and the next morning we all weighed anchor, the privateer and packet steering for America, the sloop and the unwounded for Curaçoa; the surgeon, steward, and one boy with us in the *Anna Maria* for Barcelona. Our situation was now far more comfortable; but still we were all helpless from our wounds, without money and ignorant of Spanish, without a single friend in the strange town, and unable to guess how we could get housed or fed. We knew, too, that it was near the seat of the tremendous civil war which raged in Venezuela, though we were ignorant as to which party possessed the town.

Only four days after we left Blanco we entered the harbour of Barcelona; it was a sultry, tropical day, and I lay on deck stretched at my length on a thick boxcoat which the pirates had allowed me to retain. Captain Jacques was the last to leave us, and then our hitherto, in a great measure, smothered curses upon him and his crew broke forth. I believe our mate swore at them for two hours after they were out of sight. Nothing occurred on our voyage to Barcelona worth recollecting, but throwing overboard the dead body of one of our wounded sailors—the same who had seen the ghosts in the rigging. On the evening of the same day I had the pleasure of seeing the sun set behind a range of mountains on the Spanish coast, instead of sinking into a waste of waters. We were all delighted to hail land, but I could not help feeling that we were all friendless, helpless from our wounds, ignorant of the language, and entirely without money, except the few coins my poor dog saved for me and my watch. We lay to all night close to the mouth of the harbour, which we entered next morning.

Barcelona is seven or eight miles up a considerable river, which empties itself into a basin much larger than Falmouth Harbour. At its entrance are two sugar-loaf islands which act as breakwaters. The appearance to my European eyes was most novel and imposing. The two promontories on either side of the mainland were covered with thick woods up to their lofty summits, and so were both sides of the harbour. The commander of our vessel was a Dutchman, and to our great joy we found he spoke Spanish, and could understand my French. The town, they said, was in possession of the Republicans; but the Royalists,

under General Boves, were attacking the whole province. The scene of action was in the south-west, where their own army, under Bolivar and Sir Gregor McGregor, was encamped, with the Royalists in front. Several bloody actions had been fought, in which both sides claimed the victory. They added that there were two English merchants carrying on trade at Barcelona. An embassy to these merchants was determined on, and we sent our surgeon and the only other unwounded man among us to ask for permission to land and also to borrow money. The next day our surgeon returned in a splendid launch belonging to the governor. The merchants, we heard, were two young Scotchmen, Messrs. Buchan and McLean. They had most hospitably received our surgeon, and promised to advance money for the support of us all on our captain's bills to the post office. The governor sent us permission to land, and suggested a large house in the principal square as a residence. It was unfurnished; but Mr. Buchan lent us a few indispensable articles, and the governor sent his launch, and an officer to attend us. I, who was the most helpless and greatest sufferer of the party, got room to lie down on my box-coat and felt tolerably easy. After passing under a wooden bridge we made fast our boat to a wharf, and our surgeon landed to report our arrival and contrive how to get us carried on shore. After waiting about half an hour for our surgeon he returned, bringing with him Mr. Buchan, with servants, and carrying chairs on poles.

The torture of moving was more than I could endure; I fainted, and down I fell. On coming to myself I found my head supported in the lap of a very fine half-caste girl, who from the first had seemed more interested in us than the rest of the crowd, who stood smoking round us without offering any assistance. All my companions had gone on. She first spoke to me in Spanish; but finding I did not understand her she left me, running off as fast as she could; but she soon returned, bringing a large Spanish hammock. She made two of the men from the boat sling it across the longest of their oars, and so bear me easily, extended at my length between them. She assisted me into the hammock, and placed pillows round me so well that I could bear being moved without much pain; she held an umbrella over me, and thus we proceeded through several long, narrow, winding, ruinous, but very populous, streets to our house in the principal square. She did not leave me till she had laid me on the mats intended

for my bed. She was finely formed, and wore gold bracelets and a necklace of shells. Her complexion was fawn colour, light enough to admit of a slight tinge of red in her cheeks; she had a straight Grecian nose, and black hair falling in curls over her shoulders. She came to see us several times afterwards, always bringing fruit or some other present. Running all along the front of our house was an open verandah, separated from our rooms by folding doors, and no glass windows. I made them carry me out to the verandah, bed and all, every morning. From thence I could see everything that went on in the square, in which were both the market and the parade, a large church, two monasteries, with a public ball-room between them, a court of justice with a military guard-room on its right hand, and a small nunnery on the left. About twenty pieces of cannon, very large and mounted on most unwieldy carriages, were placed at equal distances down each side and in the centre; the Venezuelan Patriot standard was displayed from a flagstaff—red, white, and blue. Numbers of the clergy in their robes and black hats were constantly passing. Each morning there was a sort of 'levée en masse' of every male capable of bearing arms. Troops were paraded preparatory to going to the scene of action, and others returning, and at all times a guard of 600 men was kept there under arms. Occasionally one of the generals returning from the field indulged us with a review, when 3,000 regulars with 1,000 or 1,600 Indians were paraded together. The Patriot infantry gave us an idea of banditti, and were of all colours, from the fair European to the jet-black African, but chiefly of the copper-coloured shades—dressed without any uniformity except their cockades, and a large plume of feathers in their hats; armed with muskets, pikes, pistols, or bayonets, or only a large club-stick, and smoking cigars even in the ranks. The cavalry, mounted on mules, had a ridiculous effect on attempting a charge—one half of the mules choosing to retrograde rather than advance, and kicking up in the faces of those behind them. But the poor Indians—who were always compelled to fight for the party who governed in the provinces where their villages were situated and if they fell into the hands of the other party were regularly butchered—produced a most singular sight, covered with their blankets in which they cut a large hole for their heads. They presented a more uniform appearance than any of the other troops. On these occasions the verandahs all round were filled

with ladies; the coloured women were by far the handsomest, the white ladies looking yellow, sickly, and languid, while the bloom of health glowed through the dark countenances and shone in the large black eyes of their brunette rivals. They had no carriages, and a lady's rank was distinguished by the quantity of gold lace &c. with which her parasol was covered, or by the number of servants following her. The gentlemen of the place went out always mounted on small ponies which they never quitted on any occasion whatever. They rode right into the houses, paid morning visits, drank wine and talked together without dismounting. Of course, the parlours being thus converted into stables were very dirty; but the Spaniards have certainly no dislike to dirt.

About five days after my arrival I saw a horrible instance of their warfare. They had taken prisoners a considerable body of Royalists. The privates were butchered on the spot, but a bishop, a colonel, two majors, and six inferior officers were reserved for a private display. They were confined for a week in separate dungeons on bread and water, with a confessor to each; they were then brought forth for execution in the square. The scene was opened by a party of artillery dragging forward one of the largest cannon in the place and loading it with grapeshot. Between two lines of soldiers the victims then appeared; never did I see more miserable-looking wretches—they were brought to the ground, their knees knocking together, some blubbing, and all looking like schoolboys going to be flogged. Not so the bishop: with a calm countenance and a firm step he marched forward, with a look of utter contempt both for his executioners and companions, and placed himself opposite the mouth of the cannon. All the rest knelt down in a line with him. He stood with his arms folded, and a mixture of pride and religious enthusiasm in his face. I do not think the old man even winked at the first flash in the touch-hole of the cannon, which by some fault did not go off. It was again primed, and the fortitude of the bishop did not fail. The second time the gun went off, killing the bishop and all his companions but two, and these were immediately despatched by having their brains beaten out with pikes by the artillerymen amidst the 'vivas' of the multitudes.

After remaining at Barcelona a week I was so much better that I was able to dress myself, and by the assistance of crutches I was able to walk. It was the middle of December, and

there were great public balls, to which we were invited, and to one held in the square I was able to go on my crutches, attended by Mr. Buchan. There were about two hundred women and one hundred men, the women in full dress, but the men disgustingly dirty. I wore my regimental jacket, and as an English officer attracted a good deal of attention. I was introduced to the Governor's niece, Donna Maria, who, as the greatest compliment she could pay me, took her scented cigar from her lips and presented it to me. I cannot say she was very handsome; indeed, there was but one pretty woman in the room, and she had a mixture of Indian blood.

About this time we were honoured by a visit from the Governor; he was a dark man, dirty, but covered with gold lace, and his staff so fine that they looked like rope-dancers. The Christmas festivities were suddenly stopped by the Royalist Army under Boves gaining some advantages over the Patriots, and we heard every day horrid tales of the atrocities of Boves, 'such acts of cruelty and brutality as would be envied,' Don Diego, our Creole friend, said, 'by the Devil himself.' On the other hand, it is but fair to add that Bolivar, the Patriot General, as he afterwards told me himself, on my meeting him in Jamaica, used to keep his prisoners till he had got two or three hundred of them, and, when he had nothing else to do (*pour passer le temps* was his own expression), cut them down with his own hand, thus proving the different sabres in his regiment.

On this bad news reaching them, all the men in the place capable of bearing arms marched out to the scene of action, and for a day or two we heard nothing but contradictory reports; but, on the whole, Mr. Buchan told us that he feared the town would not hold out for many days longer, and that, if taken, every individual would be murdered, and that he should fly to Trinidad. He added that there was a small schooner for sale, which, though old and crazy, would do to carry us to a place of safety. After consultation we agreed to purchase it; we had been a month on shore and our sailors were sufficiently recovered to be useful. The time of year was favourable, and we embarked on December 30. I was carried to the riverside in a hammock, and felt much regret in leaving a place where we had received so much kindness to certain destruction. My presentiment was, alas! verified; the Patriots maintained an unequal combat for six weeks longer, and then, after routing them in a general action, Boves entered the town and destroyed every living thing even to the very dogs.

About ten at night we reached our vessel ; her sides were nearly level with the water, she had only two wretched berths, five feet long, which were given to the captain and me (I, as you know, am six feet two). Sleep, till we were used to them, was out of the question. We had no quadrant and our compass was broken. We determined to run for Curaçoa, whence I could easily get to Jamaica ; but after three days we found ourselves at Capo de Vela ; our only course was to try to get to North Domingo, Jamaica, or Cuba. Our provisions were rapidly diminishing, and for the rest of our voyage we were on very short allowance, and, if it had not been for Don Diego's generosity, should have been starved.

We were now only three days' sail from Jamaica, and apparently our dangers over ; but that night a violent gale arose, one of our sails was blown to pieces, and we were obliged to take in the others and run with bare poles before the fury of the blast ; the waves broke over us, drenching every one and filling our vessel. The pumps were kept going, but the water was already on a level with our berths ; they kept, however, the hold pretty clear, though the schooner's rotten sides began to gape. As we had been obliged to abandon all direction of her course, our safety entirely depended on the skill and presence of mind of the man at the helm. The sailors were very much frightened, one half swearing and the other half praying ; the captain told me that he did not expect the schooner would ride out the storm. However, the next morning the gale entirely subsided, a gentle breeze succeeded, which in two days more wafted us within sight of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica.

Our dangers were now all over. We directed our course to Port Royal, which we reached about sunset ; and our captain, surgeon, master, and myself took a reluctant leave of the rest of our sailor friends, who had shared with us so many dangers, and hired a canoe in which we rowed across to Kingston. Our negro boatmen landed us about three-quarters of a mile from the nearest tavern ; we were not aware of this, and set off to walk, the master and myself on crutches, the captain with his arm in a sling—our ragged, mutilated appearance contrasting with our happy looks. Numbers of young negro boys and girls followed us crying : 'Hi, hi, de Buckra men fightee, fightee.' At length we reached Watson's, and hiring a gig I proceeded immediately to General Fuller's and met with a most friendly reception. So here ends 'le récit de mes périls.'—Ever affectionately yours,

HENRY SENIOR.

AN EARLY ROMANTICIST.

THE scientific method, which it has been reserved for the nineteenth century to apply to the study of history, is still divorced, at least in this country, from the study of literature. The archives containing records of affairs and actions have been ransacked by patient scholars, and the development of great political movements has been laboriously chronicled, but the same method has yet to be applied to English literature. For want of research the pioneers of a literary movement are often ignored altogether in favour of those who represent its culmination. Without a reference to the originators of a literary movement, its significance is as much liable to misinterpretation as that of representative government would be if considered apart from its beginnings in the Witenagemot or shire-moot.

This is my apology for drawing attention to a name that has been generally overlooked by the historians of the Romantic Revival in English literature. By that term is understood the reformation in subject-matter, style, and sentiment, undergone by prose and poetry in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The movement is usually identified with the names of Wordsworth and Coleridge, who in the preface to the 'Lyrical Ballads,' jointly published by them in 1798, supplied the first manifesto of the school. But for the first quickening of the seed of which this tiny book was the flower, one must look back for more than fifty years; to the days when Pope's 'Essays' were still regarded as the perfection of English poetry, and Warburton and Johnson stood in strenuous defence to guard his fame; to the days when, in spite of Thomson's beautiful imitation of 'The Faery Queen,' Spenser and Shakespeare were still viewed as half barbarians, whose irregularities and lack of artistic perception were to be excused in consideration of their occasional flashes of genius, and whose tentative efforts might be improved into poetry by liberal editing on the part of people with more refined taste. One of the most prominent characteristics of the romanticists was their enthusiasm for the older poets, but the pretentious and incompetent editions of Shakespeare that found acceptance in the earlier part of the

eighteenth century show the low degree of respect accorded to him by the average literary man of that date.

It was in 1747 that Warburton, the friend and editor of Pope, brought out a bulky edition of Shakespeare's works, with copious notes explanatory of difficult passages and obscure words. Anything more remote from the laborious editions of modern scholars can scarcely be imagined. Warburton, though a man of great learning in other fields, proceeded solely by the light of nature; and if Shakespeare's use of any word or phrase differed from that current in his own time, he at once concluded, and stated authoritatively, that the text was corrupt; proceeding to give some ingenious but altogether erroneous emendation. The slovenly dogmatism of this work aroused the ire of Thomas Edwards, a retired lawyer, who, in his rustic retreat at Turrick in Buckinghamshire, divided his time between ardent study of the 'old masters' of English poetry, and the care of a small estate. He did not, however, lose touch with contemporary writers, and from his correspondence with Richardson, the novelist, and other literary friends, many particulars of his work and tastes may be gathered. Edwards had probably a more intimate acquaintance with Chaucer, Gower, Spenser, and Shakespeare than any one then living; his admiration for them amounted to a passion, and it is not surprising that editions of Shakespeare, like that of Warburton, which were merely designed to put money in the editor's pocket, evoked his angry contempt. In his preface the unlucky editor had dwelt on the difficulties of the task, and had added that he 'once designed to have given the reader a body of canons for literal criticism, drawn out in form—but these may be well supplied by what is occasionally said upon the subject in the course of the following remarks.' Edwards seized on these words, and undertook to supply from Warburton's notes a compendium of critical principles. He drew up a glossary and an ironical list of twenty-five 'canons' based on material supplied by Warburton, and illustrated by quotations from his work. A few examples will give an idea both of the way Warburton performed his editorial duties, and of Edward's manner of attack:

CANON I.

A professed critic has a right to declare that his author wrote whatever he thinks he should have written, with as much positiveness as if he had been at his elbow.

Eg.—

"Never went with his forces into France."

'Shakespeare wrote the line thus,

"Never went with his full forces into France."—*Warburton*.

CANON II.

He has a right to alter any passage which he does not understand.

E.g.— "Now afore God, this rev'rend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him."

'For the sake of the grammar I would suspect Shakespeare wrote, "much bound to hymn," i.e., praise, celebrate.'—*Warburton*.

And I, for the sake of Mr. Warburton, would suspect he was not thoroughly awake when he made this amendment. It is a place that wants no tinkering. Shakespeare uses the nominative case absolute, or rather elliptical, as he does in 'Hamlet;'

'Your Majesty and we that have free souls,
It touches us not.'

One of the most amusing canons is No. XVII. Edwards was a bachelor, but, as befitted a member of Richardson's coterie and the correspondent of Hester Mulso and Susannah Highmore, he had the highest respect for women and a great liking for their society; and he tries to accentuate the case against Warburton by accusing him of lack of chivalry:

CANON XVII.

It will be proper to show his wit, especially if the critic be a married man, to take every opportunity of sneering at the fair sex.

E.g.— "My gracious silence, hail "

'The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman.'—*Warburton*.

I always thought speaking well and to the purpose deserved a greater commendation; or, in Mr. Warburton's phrase, a higher praise than holding one's tongue.

One more quotation, this time from the glossary, may complete the extracts from Edwards's book:

'*Gentleman-heir*—A lady's eldest son.'—*Warburton*.

This is a phrase fresh from the mint. But Mr. Warburton may take it back and lay it by for his own use. Shakespeare has no need of it, as anybody will own, who considers that Sir Toby was drunk, and interrupted in his speech by his pickled herrings:

'Tis a gentleman here—a plague on these pickled herrings!'

Only one objection can be brought against this amusing little volume—which Mr. Leslie Stephen justly calls a 'very brilliant exposure of Warburton's grotesque absurdities and audacities'—namely, the extreme acrimony of its tone. But urbanity in

criticism was of later growth, and no author of Warburton's day expected a kindly or courteous exposure of his shortcomings. The example set by Pope, who found exquisite pleasure in blackening the personal characters of unsuccessful authors, was still respected and followed. Not till comparatively recent days did critics learn that it was their function to praise if need be as freely as to blame, or realise that their privileges of comment stopped short of a writer's private reputation and affairs.

There was, however, some excuse for Edwards, whose severity in the first instance can be traced to no personal resentment; though a vehement, he was not an unjust critic, and his letters show that he scrupulously sought to be just in his censures. Once having wrongly accused Warburton of word-coinage, he expressed an intention of apologising. 'I would not willingly,' he says, 'load him or any man else with undeserved blame, and think myself bound to acknowledge my mistakes when I discover that I have committed any.'¹ In another letter to Richardson, which, for its intrinsic interest, is worth quoting at length, Edwards writes thus:

'I come now to the paragraph in your letter where you exhort me to vindicate Pope and Milton from their editors; to which I answer, I do not like fighting work unless upon a reasonable provocation. Now I think I have not this in either of these cases. As to Mr. Pope, though I had some acquaintance with him, and admired him as a poet, yet I must own I never had any great opinion of him in any other light; nor do I see reason to alter my judgment from what has appeared of his character since his death. With all his affectation of humanity and a general benevolence, he was certainly a very ill-natured man; and can such a one easily be a good man? But were I ever so disposed, what can I vindicate? Not the morality of his essays, for I think it very faulty. Mr. Warburton has indeed tinkered it in some places to make it look orthodox, but yet it will not hold water; what then will become of it when these patches are taken off? Would it not be ruining the poet to chastise his commentator? And as to any alterations in the text, who can prove against him who has all Mr. Pope's papers what is and what is not genuine? Upon the whole, whatever the consequences may be as to Mr. Pope's reputation, I think he deserves them for his ill-judged confidence, and I fear my attacking Mr. Warburton in his defence would look

¹ From an unpublished letter in the Forster Collection.

like spleen and resentment for his unworthy treatment of me, rather than an honest justification of a cause perhaps not very defensible.' ¹

And so, in spite of Richardson's persuasions, the gentle lawyer refused to enter the lists a second time. His attack on Warburton had already involved him in an unpleasant controversy, which was carried on in the notes to the former author's edition of the 'Dunciad,' and in a preface to later editions of the 'Canons.' And, rather than invite further hostilities, Edwards buried himself in his country house, where the smell of the old leather that enshrined his favourite poets mingled with the sweet rustic odours from field and garden; and where he passed his days superintending those agricultural operations, whose perennial charm appealed strongly to his simple nature, or working off his indignation against the editors in angry sonnets that were apparently quite without effect. 'All I have for it,' he confesses, 'is to write sonnets against these murderers, which they will mind no more than so many old ballads.'

And in this matter of sonnet writing we touch on the special qualification which entitles Edwards to be classed among the first of the romanticists. Mr. Gosse states ² that Walsh (1663-1708) wrote the only sonnet between Milton's in 1658 and Warton's about 1750; and Dr. Ward says that Warton revived this form of composition. ³ Both these statements are erroneous; for Mr. Gosse has ignored Gray's pathetic sonnet on the death of his friend West in 1742 (the very sonnet so severely criticised by Wordsworth in his preface to the 'Lyrical Ballads'), and many of the sonnets of Edwards were anterior in composition to those of Warton. Moreover, though it must be conceded that Warton's sonnets have more claim to be considered poetry than those of Edwards, he wrote only nine; while fifty by Edwards are bound up with the sixth edition of the 'Canons of Criticism,' and among the Richardson manuscripts at South Kensington are two more, which do not seem to have been published. Thus Edwards was the author of fifty-two sonnets, of which a few are modelled on those of Spenser, and the rest are regular, containing two rhymes in the octave and three in the sestet. None of these reach a high

¹ *Correspondence of Richardson*, ed. Mrs. Barbauld, iii. p. 44.

² Ward's *English Poets*, vol. iii. p. 7. This mistake has already been pointed out by Professor Lyon Phelps in his *English Romantic Movement*, p. 44.

³ Ward's *English Poets*, iii. p. 383.

level of excellence, for Edwards's power of expression was not equal to his strength of feeling. They speak in rather pedestrian verse of deep affection for the living and the dead; they tell of the delights of rural life and the glory of old poets; the very worst are the above-mentioned attacks on Warburton, Lauder, and other offenders against Spenser and Milton. One of the best, which may be quoted here, is addressed to Onslow, the Speaker, who was a friend of Edwards, and often entertained him at his house at Ember Court:

Thou, who successive in that honoured seat
 Presid'st, the feuds of jarring chiefs to 'swage,
 To check the boisterous force of party rage,
 Raise modest worth, and guide the high debate;
 Sometimes, retiring from the toils of state,
 Thou turn'st th' instructive Greek or Roman page,
 Or what our British bard of later age
 In scarce inferior numbers can relate.

Amid this feast of mind, when Fancy's child,
 Sweet Shakespeare, raps the soul to virtuous deed,
 When Spenser, warbling, tunes his Doric lays,
 Or the first man, from Paradise exiled,
 Great Milton sings; can aught my rustic reed
 Presume to sound that may deserve thy praise?

This sonnet is obviously reminiscent of Milton, yet Edwards expressly states that he imitated not Milton but Milton's masters, the Italian sonneteers.¹ He was, however, so well acquainted with the other works of the great poet that it is difficult to understand how he could have remained ignorant of his sonnets. Certainly, such sonnets as that quoted above, and that beginning 'O thou to sacred Themis' awful throne,' sound like a far-off echo of 'Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,' and 'Cromwell, our chief of men.' Edwards made the form popular among his own circle, and very tolerable examples by Hester Mulso (afterwards Mrs. Chapone) and Susannah Highmore are in existence. The former lived long enough to criticise the sonnets of Bowles, which were dedicated to her cousin Dean Ogle, and were admired by Coleridge; and she thus forms an interesting link between the earlier and later manifestations of the romantic revival.

Considering Edwards's familiarity with Spenser, it is a little surprising that he did not himself attempt an edition of the poet. Richardson was continually urging such an enterprise upon him,

¹ *Correspondence of Richardson*, ed. Mrs. Barbauld, iii. p. 91.

and at one time he seems to have seriously contemplated it. 'All this while,' he says, in a letter dated May 8, 1751, 'I have been hard at work upon Spenser; but to what purpose, except my own private satisfaction? There, however, it will repay me, for every time I read him I find new beauties in him—such fine moral sentiments, such height of colouring in his descriptions, such a tenderness where he touches any of the humane passions! Were but his language better understood, he must be admired by every one who has a heart.'¹

Nevertheless he shrank from the task. There were two favourite means of producing such editions of the poets. The first was for any one who felt drawn to the task, or hoped to make a little money by it, to publish proposals and collect subscriptions; the second was for a bookseller to procure a 'competency of cuts, publish proposals, levy subscriptions, and then beat about for an undertaker—no matter whom, the cheaper the better—to perform his part of the contract he has made with the public.' Neither of these methods appealed to Edwards, and failing health, and perhaps the fear of involving himself in further literary controversy, prevented him from acceding to his friend's request. Moreover, the edition of Brindley was already in course of preparation; and though Edwards had prophesied its failure, he had the generosity to acknowledge, when he saw it, that it was not so bad after all. 'I saw Brindley's edition at Wrest,' he writes. 'The cuts are very bad, but Mr. Birch has taken great pains in collating the copies; there are several typographical errors, which, with all his attention, he could not hinder them from committing; but, as far as I can judge, it will be by much the best edition that has yet been published, and, I should think, must supersede the necessity of another.'²

Edwards's last work, except for occasional sonnets, was the 'Trial of the Letter Y,' an amusing *jeu d'esprit* whose object is to determine in which words the letter Y may properly be used. It takes the form of a mock report of a trial, in which Y is summoned to account for his intrusion into words where he has no right of entrance, and gives the arguments in his defence. This was first published in pamphlet form in 1753, and afterwards reissued in one volume with the 'Canons of Criticism' and the 'Sonnets.'

¹ *Correspondence of Richardson*, ed. Mrs. Barbauld, iii. 20.

² From an unpublished letter in the Forster Collection at South Kensington.

Edwards was a great letter-writer in an age when letter-writing was cultivated as an art; but his correspondence, which is preserved in manuscript in the Bodleian Library and in the Forster Collection at South Kensington, though interesting, is hardly brilliant. One or two graceful passages reveal his sympathy with nature—a sympathy that he is evidently a little shy of revealing. ‘Among other mischiefs these tempests have done me,’ he writes on one occasion, ‘I cannot help mentioning one, as it gave me a real concern, which I know you will not laugh at me for. All this season’s labours of the poor rooks are in a few hours quite lost, and both nests and eggs torn out of the trees and scattered all about the ground. You cannot easily imagine the trepidation and terror they were in during the tempest; but, though the winds continue high, they are at intervals busy about repairs, and I hope will lay a fresh stock of eggs with better luck.’ At another time he begs Richardson to come and share with him the sweet concert of the blackbirds, whom the ripe strawberries have drawn together, or plans a meeting with him at Oxford, ‘at the Angel, over against Queen’s College (which is the best inn).’ They seem to have frequently exchanged visits, and it was while staying at Richardson’s house at Parson’s Green in January 1757 that Edwards was taken seriously ill. He lingered on for several days, and then, one Monday morning, the novelist wrote to Mrs. Scudamore, one of his many feminine disciples, ‘A messenger from Parson’s Green just now informs me that good Mr. Edwards commenced immortal this morning at five o’clock.’ He deserves immortality among all lovers of fine literature, as the gallant champion of Shakespeare against that most redoubtable of charlatans, William Warburton.

CLARA THOMSON.

A CASE AT THE MUSEUM.

IT is a common error to confuse the archæologist with the mere collector of ignoble trifles, equally pleased with an unusual postage stamp or a scarce example of an Italian primitive. Nor should the impertinent curiosity of local antiquaries, which sees in every disused chalk-pit traces of Roman civilisation, be compared with the rare predilection requisite for a nobler pursuit. The archæologist preserves for us those objects which time has forgotten and passing fashion rejected; in the museums he buries our ancient eikons, where they become impervious to neglect, praise, or criticism; while the collector—a malicious atavist unless he possess accidental perceptions—merely rescues the mistakes of his forefathers, to crowd public galleries with an inconsequent lumber which a better taste has taught us to despise.

In the magic of escaped conventions surely none is more powerful than the Greek, and even now, though we yawn over the enthusiasm of the Renaissance mirrored in our more cadenced prose, there are some who can still catch the delightful contagion which seized the princes and philosophers of Europe in that Martin's Summer of the Middle Age.

Of the New Learning already become old, Professor Lachsyrma is reputed a master. Scarcely any one in England holds a like position. He is sixty, and, though his youth is said to have been eventful, he hardly looks his age. He speaks English with a delightful accent, and there always hangs about his presence a melancholy halo of mystery and Italy. His quiet unassumed familiarity with every museum and library on the Continent astonishes even the most erudite Teuton. Among archæologists he is thought a pre-eminent palæographer, among palæographers a great archæologist. I have heard him called the Furtwängler of Britain. His facsimiles and collated texts of the classics are familiar throughout the world. He has independent means, and from time to time entertains English and foreign *cognoscenti* with elegant simplicity at his wonderful house in Kensington. His conversation is more informing than brilliant. Yet you may detect an unaccountable melancholy in his voice and manner, attributed by the irreverent to his constant visits to the Museum.

Religious people, of course, refer to his loss of faith at Oxford; for I regret to say the Professor has been an habitual freethinker these many years.

However it may be, Professor Lachsyrma is sad, and has not yet issued his edition of the newly discovered poems of Sappho unearthed in Egypt some time since—an edition awaited so impatiently by poets and scholars.

Some years ago, on retiring from his official appointment, Professor Lachsyrma, being a married man, searched for some apartment remote from his home, where he might work undisturbed at labours which long since had become important pleasures. You cannot grapple with uncials, cursives, and the like in a domestic environment. The preparation of facsimiles, transcripts, and palæographical observations, reports of excavations and catalogues, demand isolation and complete immunity from the trivialities of social existence.

In a large Bloomsbury studio he found a retreat suitable to his requirements. The uninviting entrance, up a stone staircase leading immediately from the street, was open till nightfall, the rest of the house being used for storage by second-hand dealers in Portland Street. No one slept on the premises, but a caretaker came at stated intervals to light fires and close the front door; for which however the Professor owned a pass-key, each room having, as in modern flats, an independent door that might be locked at pleasure. The general gloom of the building never tempted casual callers. The Professor purposely abstained from the decoration or even ordinary furnishing of his chamber. The whitewashed walls were covered with dust-bitten maps, casts of bas-reliefs, engravings of ruins. Behind the door were stacked huge packing-cases containing the harvest of a recent journey to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. Along one wall mutilated statues and torsos were promiscuously mounted on trestles or temporary pedestals made of inverted wooden boxes. Above them a large series of shelves bulging with folios, manuscript notebooks, pamphlets, and catalogues ran up to the window, which faced north-east, admitting a strong top-light through panes of ground glass; the lower sash was hidden by permanent blinds in order to shut out all view of the opposite houses and the street below. A long narrow table occupied the centre of the room. It was always strewn with magnifying-glasses, proofs, printers' slips, negatives—the litter of a palæo-

graphic student. There were three or four wooden chairs for the benefit of scholarly friends, and an armchair upholstered in green rep near the stove. In a corner stood the most striking, perhaps the only striking, object in the room—a huge mummy from the Fayyûm. The canopic jars and outer coffins belonging to it were still unpacked in the freight cases. It had been purchased from a bankrupt Armenian dealer in Cairo along with a number of Græco-Egyptian antiquities and papyri, of far greater interest to the Professor than the mummy itself. As soon as the interior was examined it was to be presented to the Museum, but more entertaining and important studies delayed its removal. For many months, with a curious grave smile, the face on the shell seemed to look down with amused and permanent interest on Professor Lachsyрма struggling with the orthography of some forgotten scribe, and arguing with a friend on mutilated or corrupt passages in a Greek palimpsest.

Here, late one afternoon, Professor Lachsyрма was deciphering some yellow leaves of papyrus. The dusk was falling, and he laid down the pen with which he was delicately transcribing uncials on sheets of foolscap, in order to light a lamp on the table. It was 6.30 by an irritating little American clock recently presented him by one of his children, noisy symbol and only indication that he held commune with a modern life he so heartily despised. As the housekeeper entered with some tea he took up a copy of a morning paper (a violent transition from uncials), and glanced at the first lines of the leader :

The Trustees of the British Museum announce one of the most sensational literary discoveries in recent years, a discovery which must startle the world of scholars, and even the apathetic public at large. This is none other than the recovery of the long-lost poems of Sappho, manuscripts of which were last heard of in the tenth century, when they were burnt at Rome and Byzantium. We shall have to go back to the fifteenth century, to the Fall of Constantinople, to the Revival of Learning, ere we can find a fitting parallel to match the importance of this recent find. Not since the spade of the excavator uncovered from its shroud of Attic earth the flawless beauty of the Olympian Hermes has such a delightful acquisition been made to our knowledge of Greek culture. The name of Professor Lachsyрма has long been one to conjure with, and all of us should experience pleasure (where surprise in his case is out of the question) on learning that his recent tour to Egypt, besides greatly benefiting his health, was the means of restoring to eager posterity one of the most precious monuments of Hellenic literature.

‘Dear me, I had no idea the press could be so entertaining,’ thought the Professor, as a smile of satisfaction spread over his

well-chiselled face. Archaeologists are not above reading personal paragraphs and leaders about themselves, though current events do not interest them. So absorbing is their pursuit of antiquity that they are obliged to affect a plausible indifference and a refined ignorance about modern affairs. Nor are they very generous members of the community. Perhaps dealing in dead gods, perpetually handling precious objects which have ceased to have any relation to life, or quarrelling about languages no one ever uses, blunts their sensibilities. At all events, they have none of that loyalty distinguishing members of other learned professions. The canker of jealousy eats perpetually at their hearts.

Professor Lachsyрма was too well endowed by fortune to grudge his former colleagues their little incomes or inadequate salaries at the Museum, but his recent discovery would not only enhance his fame in the learned world and his reputed *flair* for manuscripts—it would irritate those rivals in England and Germany who, in the more solemn reviews, resisted some of his conclusions, canvassed his facts, and occasionally found glaring errors in his texts. How jealous the discovery would make young Fairleigh, for all his unholy knowledge of Greek vases, his handsome profile, and his predilection for going too frequently into society!—a taste not approved by other officials. How it would anger old Gully!—and Professor Lachsyрма drank some more tea with further satisfaction. Sappho herself could not have felt more elated on the completion of one of her odes; and we know she was poignant and sensitive. Thus for a whole hour he idled with his thoughts—rare occupation for so industrious a man. He was startled from the reverie by a slight knock at his door.

‘Come in,’ he said coldly. There was a touch of annoyance in his tone. Visitors, frequent enough in the morning, rarely disturbed him in the afternoon.

‘To whom have I the—duty of speaking?’ He raised his well-preserved spare form to its full height. The long loose alpaca coat, velvet skull-cap, and pointed beard gave him the appearance of an eminent ecclesiastic.

The subdued light in the room presented only a dim figure on the threshold, and the piercing eyes of the Professor could only see a blurred white face against the black frame of the open door. A strange voice replied:

‘I am sorry to disturb you, Professor Lachsyрма. I shall not detain you for more than—an hour.’

‘If you will kindly write and state the nature of your business, I can give you an appointment to-morrow or the day after. At the present moment, you will observe, I am busy. I never see visitors except by appointment.’

‘I am sorry to inconvenience you. Necessity compels me to choose my own hours for interviewing any one.’

The Professor then suddenly removed the green cardboard shade from the lamp. The discourteous intruder was now visible for his inspection.

He was a fair man of uncertain age, but could not be more than twenty-eight. He wore his flaxen hair rather long and ill-kempt; his face might have been handsome, but the flesh was white and flaccid; the features, though regular, devoid of character; the blue eyes had so little expression that a professed physiognomist would have found difficulty in ‘placing’ their possessor. His black clothes were shiny with age, and his gait was shuffling and awkward.

‘My name, though it will not convey very much to you, is Frank Carrel. I am a scholar, an archæologist, a palæographer, and—other things besides.’

‘A beggar and a British Museum reader,’ was the mental observation of the Professor. The other seemed to read his thoughts.

‘You think I want pecuniary assistance; well, I do.’

‘I fear you have come to the wrong person, at the wrong time, and, if I may say so, in the wrong way. I do not like to be disturbed at this hour. Will you kindly leave me this instant?’

Carrel’s manner changed and became more deferential.

‘If you will allow me to show you something on which I want your opinion, something I can leave with you, I will go away at once and come back to-morrow at any time you name.’

‘Very well,’ said the Professor, wearily ready to compromise the matter for the moment.

From a small bag he was carrying Carrel produced a roll of papyrus. The Professor’s eyes gleamed; he held out his hand greedily to receive it, fixing a searching, suspicious glance on Carrel.

‘Where did you get this, may I ask?’

‘I want your opinion first, and then I will tell you.’

The Professor moved towards the lamp, replaced the cardboard green shade, sat down, and with a strong magnifying-glass

examined the papyrus with evident interest. Carrel, appreciating the impression he was making, talked on in rapid jerky sentences.

'Yes. I think you will be able to help me. I am sure you will do so. Like yourself I am a scholar, and might have occupied a position in Europe similar to your own.'

The Professor smiled grimly, but did not look up from the table as Carrel continued :

'Mine has been a strange career. I was educated abroad. I became a scholar at Cambridge. There was no prize I did not carry off. I knew more Greek than both Universities put together. Then I was cursed not only with inclination for vices, but with capacity and courage to practise them—liquor, extravagance, gambling—amusements for rich people ; but I was poor.'

'It is a very sad and a very common story,' said the Professor sententiously, but without looking up from the table. 'I myself was an Oxford man. Your name is quite unfamiliar to me.'

'I fancy if you asked them at Cambridge they would certainly remember me.'

'I shall make a point of doing so,' said the Professor dryly. He affected to be only giving partial attention to the narrative ; but though he seemed to be sedulous in his examination of the papyrus, he was listening intently.

'I was a great disappointment to the Dons,' Carrel said with a short laugh, and he lit a cigarette with all the swagger of an undergraduate.

'And to your parents?' queried Lachsyrma.

'My mother was dead. I don't exactly know who my father was. I fear these details bore you, however. To-morrow——' he added satirically.

'A very romantic story, no doubt,' said the Professor, rising from his chair, 'and it interests me—moderately ; but before we go on any further, I will be candid with you. That papyrus is a forgery—a very clever forgery, too. I wonder why the writer tried Euripides ; we have almost enough of him.'

'So do I sometimes,' returned Carrel cheerfully. The Professor arched his eyebrows in surprise.

He removed the green cardboard lamp-shade to keep his equivocal visitor under strict observation.

'If you knew it was a forgery, why did you waste my time and your own in bringing it here? In order to tell me a long story about yourself, which if true is extraordinarily dull?'

It is almost an established convention for experts to be rude when they have given an adverse opinion on anything submitted to them. It gives weight to their statements. In the present case, however, the Professor was really annoyed.

'I wanted to know if you recognised the papyrus,' said Carrel, and he smiled disingenuously. The Professor was startled.

'Yes; it was offered to me in Cairo last winter by a German dealer in antiquities. I recognised it at once. May I felicitate the talented author?'

'No. You would have been taken in if I were the author.'

Professor Lachsyrma waved his white hand, loaded with scarabs and gems, in a deprecatory patronising manner towards Carrel.

'I must apologise if I have wronged you. I am hardened to these little amenities between brother palæographers. Envy, jealousy, call it what you will, attacks those in high places. There may be unrecognised artists, mute inglorious Miltons, Chattertons starving in garrets, Shakespeares in the workhouse, while dull modern productions are applauded on the silly English stage, and poetasters are crowned by the Academies; but believe me that in Archæology, in the deciphering of manuscripts, the quack is detected immediately. The science has been carried to such a state of perfection that, if our knowledge is still unhappily imperfect, our materials inadequate, the public recognition of our services quite out of proportion to our labours, there is now no permanent place for the charlatan or the forger. The first would do better as an art critic for the daily papers; the other might turn his attention to the simple necessary cheque, or the safer and more enticing Bank of England note. If you are an honest expert, there is a wide field for your talents; and if I do not believe you to be anything of the kind, you have yourself to blame for my scepticism. You came here without an introduction, without any warning of your arrival. You refuse to leave my room. You inform me that you want money with a candour unusual among beggars. You then ask me to inspect a forged manuscript which you either know or suspect me to have seen before. Should you have no explanation to offer for this outrageous intrusion, may I ask you to leave the premises immediately?'

As he finished this somewhat pompous harangue he pointed menacingly towards the door. He was slightly nervous, for

Carrel, who was sitting down, remained seated, his hands folded, gazing up with an insolent childish stare. He might have been listening to an eloquent preacher whom he thoroughly despised.

'Professor Lachsyрма,' Carrel said in a sweet winning voice, 'I will go away if you like now, but I have nearly finished my errand, and we may as well despatch an affair tiresome to both of us this evening, instead of postponing it. I want you to give me 1,000%.'

The Professor rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming? Was this some elaborate practical joke? Was it the confidence trick? He seemed to lose his self-possession, and gaped on Carrel for some seconds; then controlled himself.

'And why should I give you 1,000%?'

'I am a blackmailer. I am a forger of manuscripts. I have more Greek in my little finger than you have in your long body. I began to tell you my history. I thought it might interest you. I do not propose to burden you with it any further. To-night I ask you for 1,000%. To-morrow I shall ask you for 2,000%, and the day after——'

'The Sybil was scarcely so extortionate when she offered the Tarquin literary wares that no subsequent research with which I am acquainted has proved to be spurious. And you, Mr. Carrel, offer me forgeries—merely forgeries.'

Fear expressed itself in clumsy satire. He was thoroughly alarmed. He began rapidly to review his own antecedents, to scrape his memory for discreditable incidents. He could think of nothing he need feel ashamed of, nothing the world might not thoroughly investigate. There were mean actions, but many generous ones to balance in the scale.

His knowledge of life was really slight, as his intimacy with Archæology (so he told himself) was profound. One foolish incident, a midsummer madness before he went to Oxford, was all he had to blush for. This he frequently confessed, not without certain pride, to his wife, the daughter of a respectable man of letters from Massachusetts. He firmly and privately believed an omission in a catalogue a far greater sin than a breach of the Decalogue. But ethics is of little consequence where conduct is above reproach. When buying antiquities he would come across odd people from time to time, but never any one who openly avowed himself a blackmailer and a forger. The novel experience

was embarrassing and unpleasant, but there was really little to fear. Still, in all the delight of a clear conscience, since Carrel vouchsafed no reply to his sardonic Sibylline allusion, he said :

‘You have advanced no reason why I should hand you to-day or to-morrow these modest sums you demand.’

‘Then I will tell you,’ said Carrel, standing up suddenly. ‘I fabricated the poems of Sappho—yes, the manuscript from which *you* are reaping so much credit’—he took up the newspaper—‘from the morning press. When I take to art criticism, as you kindly suggested a dishonest man might do, it will be of a livelier description than any to which you are usually accustomed. Vain dupe, you think yourself impeccable. Infallible ass, there is hardly a museum in Europe where my manuscripts are not carefully preserved for the greatest and rarest treasures by senile curators, too ignorant to know their errors or too vain to acknowledge them. I fancied you clever ; until now I do not know that I ever caught you out, though you may have bought many of my wares for all I know. I find you, however, like the rest—dull, pedantic, and Pecksniffian. At Cambridge we were not taught pretty manners, but we knew enough not to give fellowships to pretentious charlatans like yourself.’

The room swam round Professor Lachsyrma, and the mummy behind the door grinned. The plaster casts and the statues seemed to wave their mutilated limbs with the joy of demoniacal possession. Dead things were startled into life. Sick giddiness permeated his brain. It was some horrible nightmare. Yet his soul’s tempest was entirely subjective ; outwardly his demeanour suffered no change. His tormentor noted with astonishment and admiration his apparent self-control. There was merely a slight falter in his speech.

‘What proofs have you ? A blackmailer must bring some token—something on which to base a ridiculous libel.’

‘A few minutes ago I handed you a spurious papyrus, which you tell me you recognised. In the same lot of rubbish purporting to come from the Fayyum were the alleged poems of Sappho. You swallowed the bait which has waited for you so long, and if it is any consolation to you I will admit that in the opinion of the profession, to continue my piscatorial simile, I have landed the largest salmon.’

‘I am deeply sensible of the compliment, but I must point out to you, my friend, that your coming to tell me that a papyrus

I happen to have purchased from one of your shady friends is counterfeit does not necessarily prove it to be so.'

The Professor realised that he must act cautiously, and consider his position quietly. Each word must be charged with suppressed meaning. His eyes wandered over the room, resting now and again on the majestic impassive smile of the mummy. It seemed to restore his nerve. He found himself unconsciously looking towards it over Carrel's head each time he spoke, while the blackmailer, seated once more, gazed up to his face with a defiant insolent stare, swinging his chair backwards and forwards, unconcerned at the length of the interview, apparently careless of its issue. And the Professor brooded on the terrible chagrin, the wounded vanity of discovering himself the victim of an obviously long-contrived hoax. At his asking for a proof Carrel laughed.

'You are sceptical at last,' he sneered. 'I have the missing portions of the papyrus here with me. You can have them for a song. I was afraid to leave the roll too complete, lest I should invite detection. It would be a pity to let them go to some other museum. Berlin is longing for a new acquisition.'

Then he produced from his bag damning evidence of the truth of his story—deftly confected sheets of papyrus, brown with the months it must have taken to fabricate them, and cracked with forger's inks and acids—ghastly replicas of the former purchase. Nervously the Professor replaced the green cardboard shade over the lamp, as though the glare affected his eyes.

'But how do you know I have not discovered the forgery already?' he said craftily. Carrel started. 'And see what I am sending to the press this evening,' he added.

Walking to the end of the table, he picked up a sheet of paper where there was writing, and another object which Carrel could not see in the gloom, so quickly and adroitly was the action accomplished.

'Shall I read it to you or will you read it yourself?'

He advanced again towards the lamp, held the paper in the light, and beckoned to Carrel, who leant over the table to see what was written. Then Professor Lachsyrma plunged a long Greek knife into his back. A toreador could hardly have done it more skilfully; the bull was pinned through the heart and expired instantaneously.

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Now he paced the room in deep thought. For the first time he found himself an actor in modern life, which hitherto for him meant digging among excavations, or making romantic restoration for jaded connoisseurs of some faultless work of art described by Pausanias and hidden for centuries beneath the rubbish of modern Greece. The entire absence of horror appalled him. Even the dignity of tragedy was not here. He was wrestling with hideous melodrama, often described to him by patrons of Thespian art at transpontine theatres. The vulgarity—the anachronism—made him shudder. Having till now ignored the issues of the present, he began to be sceptical about the virtues of antiquity. Antiquity, his only religion, his god, whose mangled incompleteness endeared it to him, was crumbling away. He wondered if there were friends with whom he might share his ugly secret. There was young Fairleigh, who was always so modern, and actually read modern books. *He* might have coped with the blackmailer alive, but hardly with his corpse. You cannot run round and ask neighbours for coffins, false beards, and rope, in the delightful convention of the ‘Arabian Nights,’ because you have grazed modern life at a sharp angle, without exciting suspicion or running the risk of positive refusal. There was his wife, to whom he confided everything; but she was a lady from Massachusetts, and her father was European correspondent to many English papers of the highest repute. How could their pure ears be soiled with so sordid a confidence? Poor Irene! she was to have an ‘At Home’ the following afternoon. It would have to be postponed. Professor Lachsyrma fell to thinking of such trivial matters, contemptible in their unimportance, as we do at the terrible moments of our lives. He wondered if they would wait dinner for him. He often remained at the club—the Serapeum—to finish a discussion with some erudite antagonist. His absence would therefore cause no alarm. He consulted the little American clock; it had stopped. How like America! The only recorded instance, he would explain to Irene, of an export from that country being required—the commodity proved inadequate. No, that would make Irene cry. . . . The folly of hopeless, futile thoughts jingled on. Suddenly he heard the cry of a belated newsvendor howling some British victory, some horrible scandal in Paris. Scandal, exposure, publicity—*there* was the horror. He could almost hear the journalists stopping their pens. If his thoughts drifted towards any potential expiation demanded by

officialism, he put them aside. A social *débâcle* was more fearful and vivid than the dock and its inevitable consequence. . . . Presently his eyes rested again on the mummy case. A brilliant inspiration! Here, at all events, was a temporary hiding-place for the corpse of the blackmailer. If it was putting new wine into old bottles, circumstances surely justified a violation of the proverb. Till now a severe unromantic Hellenist, he held Egyptology in some contempt; and for Egypt, except in so far as it illustrated the art of Greece or remained a treasure-house for Greek manuscripts, his distaste was only surpassed by that of the Prophet Isaiah. A bias so striking in the immortal Herodotus is hardly shared by your modern encyclopædist; while the science of Egyptology and its adepts command rather awe and wonder than sympathy from the uninitiated, who keep their praises for the more attractive study of Greek art. Yet some of us still turn with relief from the serene material masterpieces of Greece, soulless in their very realism and truth of expression, to the vague and happily unexplained monsters, the rigid gods and hieratic princes, who are given new names by each succeeding generation. A knowledge that behind painted masks and gilded tawdry gew-gaws are the remains of a once living person gives even the mummy a human interest denied to the most exquisite handiwork of Pheidias.

Professor Lachsyrma at present felt only the impossibility of a situation that would have been difficult for many a weaker man to face. Humiliation overwhelms the strongest; modern agencies for the concealment of a body having failed to suggest themselves, he must needs fall back on the despised expedient of Egypt. Palæography and Greek art were obviously useless in the present instance. He understood at last why deplorable people wanted to abolish Greek from the University curriculum.

The coffin was of varnished sycamore wood, ornamented on the outside with gods in their shrines and inscriptions relating to the name and titles of the deceased, painted in red and green. The face was carved out of a separate piece of wood, with the conventional beard attached to the chin; the eyelids were of bronze and the eyes of obsidian; wooden hands were crossed on the breast. Inside the lid were pictures of apes, in yellow on a purple background, symbolising the Spirits of the East adoring the Gods of the Morning and Evening. The mummy itself was enclosed in a handsome cartonnage case laced up the back. The Professor lifted it gently out on to the table, and substituted Carrel's body. He staunches as he best could the blood which trickled on to the

glaring pictures of the Judgment of Osiris and the goddess Nut imparting the Waters of Life; then he turned to examine the former occupant, whom two thousand years even at such a moment endowed with a greater interest than could attach to the corpse of a defunct blackmailer. It now occurred to him that he might profitably utilise the mummy cerements along with the coffin for more effectually concealing Carrel's body until he could arrange for its final disposal. He hastened to carry his idea into effect.

The cartonnage case, composed of waste papyrus fragments glued together, was painted with figures of deities. The face was a gilded mask, on the headdress were lotus flowers, and the collar was studded to imitate precious stones. Over the breast were representations of Horus, Apis, and Thoth, and lower down the dead man was seen on his bier attended by Anubis and the children of Horus, while the soul in the form of a hawk hovered above. On removing these fineries the Professor observed that an earlier method than is usually found among Ptolemaic mummies had been employed for the preservation and protection of the body.

Beneath a network of blue porcelain bugles and a row of sepulchral gods suspended by a wire to the neck was the dusky, red-hued sheet, sewn at the head and feet and fastened with brown strips of linen. Under this last shroud were the bandages which swathed the actual corpse, inscribed with passages from the Book of the Dead, the mysterious fantastic directions for the life hereafter. The symbolism requisite for the external decoration of the mummy had been scrupulously executed by skilful artists, and the conscientious method of wrapping indicated a pristine mode of embalmment, observed when the craft was at its zenith, long before the Greek conquest of Egypt.

A considerable time was occupied in unrolling the three or four hundred yards of linen. Meanwhile a strange fragrance of myrrh, cassia, cinnamon, the sweet spices and aromatic unguents used in embalming, filled the room. Gradually the yellow skin preserved by the natron began to appear through the cross-hatchings of the bandages. Attached to a thick gold wire round the neck and placed over the heart was a scarab of green basalt, mounted in a gold setting; and on the henna-stained little finger of the left hand was another of steatite. As the right arm was freed from its artificially tightened grasp a peculiar wooden cylinder rolled on to the floor into the heap of scented mummy dust and bandages. Languidly inquisitive, Professor Lachsyrma groped for

it. Such objects are generally found beneath the head. There was a seal at each end, both of which he broke. A roll of papyrus was inside. He trembled, and with forced deliberation made for the table, his knees tottering from exhaustion. Excitement at this unexpected discovery made him forget Carrel. The ghastly events of the evening were for the moment blotted from his memory. After all, he was a palæographer—an archaeologist first, a murderer afterwards. Eagerly, painfully, he began to read, adjusting his spectacles from time to time, the muscles of his face twitching with anxiety and expectation. For a long time the words were strange to him. Suddenly his glasses became dim. There were tears in his eyes; he was reading aloud, unconsciously to himself, the beautiful verses familiar to all students of Greek poetry:

Οἶον τὸ γλυκύμαλον ἐρεύθεται ἀκρῶ ἐπ' ὕσθῳ
 Ἀκρον ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ· λελάθοντο δὲ μαλοδρόπης,
 Οὐ μὰν ἐκλελάθοντ', ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐδύναντ' ἐφίκεσθαι.

'Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
 A-top on the topmost twig,—which the pluckers forgot, somehow,—
 Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.'—ROSSETTI.

The papyrus was of great length, and contained the poems of Sappho in a cursive literary handwriting of the third century—the real poems, lost to the world for over eight hundred years. It was morning now, a London spring morning; dawn was creeping through the great north-east light of the studio; birds were twittering outside. The murderer sobbed hysterically.

On referring to 'Euterpe,' the second book of the Histories of Herodotus, Professor Lachsyрма selected the second method of embalming as less troublesome and more expeditious. The whole matter lasted little longer than the seventy prescribed days, at the end of which time he was able, in accordance with his original intention, to deposit in a handsome glass case at the British Museum the Mummy of Heliodorus, a Greek settler in Egypt who held some official appointment at the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. It is described in the catalogue as one of the best examples of its kind in Europe. Indeed, it is probably unique.

Professor Lachsyрма often pauses before the case when visiting that gaunt house of art. Even the policeman on duty has noticed this peculiarity, and smiles respectfully. The Professor has ceased to ridicule Egyptology; and his confidence in the resources and sufficiency of antiquity, so rudely shaken for one long evening, is completely re-established.

ROBERT ROSS.

THE GIRLHOOD OF QUEEN LOUISA.

THE figure of Queen Louisa is something between that of a national heroine and that of a popular saint, without possessing any very clearly defined claim to either designation. No wonder, then, that German historians, even when of a grave and critical turn, find it difficult to exclude from their biographies of her those poetic elements which form an integral part of her fame; and that anything but success has attended the efforts of alien scepticism to distinguish between the legend and the facts of her history. Whatever memories they may be invited to dismiss, nothing will make her countrymen forget how this most lovable of princesses was hated by Napoleon. A few months after her death, when the widowed King Frederick William III. had assured his ally that Prussia would adhere to him in the impending struggle with Russia, the French Emperor observed to Prince Schwarzenberg that the decease of the Queen was a piece of real good fortune for her country. 'Were she still alive, the King would not have dared to make up his mind to this. In matters of business,' he continued, 'the ideas of chivalrous ladies are always pernicious. Their heart runs away with their reason.' The frank malevolence of the saying may hide the usual grain of truth. So far as Queen Louisa was concerned, we have it on her own avowal to Gentz that she had played no part in politics before the Prussian resolution for war had been taken in 1806. 'God knows,' she said to him in the course of their interview at Erfurt, only a few days before the catastrophe at Jena, 'that I have never been consulted in public affairs, and never had any ambition that way.' And the premature close of her life—which it is no poetic fiction to attribute in part to the sufferings she had undergone since the day when she had fled 'from post to post, pursued by our hussars'—overtook her before the day of the national recovery had so much as dawned. Yet within these narrow limits of time her influence was effectively exerted on more than one important occasion against France, and against the home *régime* under which any renewal of resistance was out of the question; and one of the last 'inexpressible' joys of her life was to have successfully contributed to place Hardenberg in office. Still, she is justly revered for what she was, rather than for what she

did during the critical four years of her career; and it was her endurance—an endurance of scorn as well as of sorrow—and the hopefulness to which only a few were capable of rising like herself, which signally helped to sustain King and people in their long days of trial and were remembered when the hour of liberation had struck at last.

The personal influence of Queen Lousia was, of course, largely owing to the admiration inspired, in prosperity and in adversity alike, by her great personal beauty and by irresistible charm of manner. Her loveliness may be traced at almost every stage of her life, through the series of portraits in the 'Luisenzimmer' of the Hohenzollern Museum, but survives most serenely in the marble of Schadow and Rauch. As to the combination of vivacity and gentleness which took so many of her contemporaries captive, the testimony of strangers is as eloquent as that of friends. On Napoleon alone it seems to have made no impression at Tilsit, except in so far as to induce him to make a promise on one day which he had made up his mind to break on the next. But it was not her beauty and her grace which only or chiefly made her a Queen of hearts both in life and in remembrance. Nothing is so unmistakable in her personality as her sympathy with persons and things beyond the common—a 'romantic' sympathy likewise not peculiar to any one epoch, but in that of Queen Louisa's youth freely fed by interests partaking of the very essence of its intellectual life. From this point of view at least the records of her girlhood go some way towards enabling us better to understand an influence universally acknowledged among her contemporaries, and of a more than transitory historical significance. And even a few brief notes concerning this period of her life may help to show how Queen Louisa must in some measure have been enabled to meet the trials of her womanhood by the innocence of her childhood, by the simplicity of her upbringing, and by the unaffected sympathy, inspired in her both by her disposition and by her surroundings, with the intellectual growth of the nation of which she was a daughter. Her education was neither complete nor systematic; her spelling was not as good as might have been expected from a votary of Sophocles and Shakespeare, Schiller and 'Agnes von Lilien;' but her training may, after all, have had in it more of the root of the matter than is obvious to an unsentimental age.

From her ancestors on her father's side Princess Louisa of Mecklenburg-Strelitz had inherited few, if any, traditions either popular or poetic. Long before the date of her birth (1776) the

two Mecklenburg duchies had settled down into the condition which left them even within living memory the chosen home in Germany of feudal privileges and reactionary principles in both Church and State. Mecklenburg-Strelitz, whose population has probably at no time exceeded a hundred thousand souls, was even more purely agricultural than the larger sister-Duchy, and, with the exception of an outlying western fragment, lay wedged in between the Pomeranian and Brandenburg provinces of the Prussian monarchy. The dynasty which had held sway there for the better part of a century, if it had done nothing to add to the hoary renown of an ancestry common to both lines, had abstained from emulating the vicious vagaries which made the name of Charles Leopold of Mecklenburg-Schwerin one of the bywords of modern constitutional history. Of the Adolphus Fredericks who succeeded one another at Neu-Strelitz (as the ducal residence of Glineke, *Anglicè* Claydon, had been renamed early in the century) Queen Louisa's great-uncle, like several members of the family, died in the odour of piety; his younger brother, Charles Lewis Frederick, her grandfather, had, on the other hand, been transiently notorious as something between buffoon and butt to Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia's brilliant little Court in the neighbouring Rheinsberg. His son, another Adolphus Frederick, held sway in Strelitz, in accordance with the precedents of his long-lived line till 1794, more than ten years after Louisa's marriage; nor was it till then that her own father, Prince Charles, succeeded his brother in the ducal—which at the Congress of Vienna became the grand-ducal—title.

The finances of the little State lay very low in these years, owing chiefly to the distress in which its proximity to Brandenburg had involved it as far back as the Seven Years' War; and Christopher Albert von Kamptz, a Mecklenburg nobleman, as Stein described him, of the true Philistine breed, found its government no easy task.¹

¹ He was the father of the well-known Prussian Minister of State to whose lot it fell in 1810 to attend the remains of Queen Louisa on their removal from Hohenzieritz to Berlin. The younger Kamptz, well known in the days of the Reaction as the director of the Prussian police raids upon demagoguery, was in the latter years of King Frederick William III.'s reign the most useful member of the so-called 'Mecklenburg' clique, which represented the ultra-Conservative element in the Prussian Court and Government, and whose most prominent ornaments were Queen Louisa's step-brother, Duke Charles, her sister Frederica, and that Princess's third husband, the lamented Duke of Cumberland (afterwards

In his youth the future father of Queen Louisa had known wider experiences and interests than had been open to most of his ancestors. He had served in the Portuguese army, under that Count William of Schaumburg-Lippe who, besides being distinguished as a military reformer, is honourably mentioned by Goethe as having set the example to other German princes of an active interest in the national literature. The marriage, too, of his younger sister Charlotte—the ‘Good Queen Charlotte’ of our own patriotic annals—cannot but have enlarged his political horizon, without prejudice to King George’s instinct (attested by anecdotes) in choosing her for her public as well as private virtues. Her Mecklenburg variety of Toryism was not the only trait in which her niece was unlike her and other members of the Obotrite dynasty. Queen Charlotte’s chamberlain is reported to have noticed in her later days that ‘the bloom of her ugliness was going off;’ but the impression made upon Sir Walter Scott by the ‘droll’ paintings of some of the Mecklenburg-Strelitz Princesses at Windsor suggests that her facial peculiarities were in part inherited. It was bold—but not too bold—of Sir George Jackson, when asked by Queen Charlotte at a Drawing Room whom of her family the Queen of Prussia most resembled, to reply that she bore some likeness to her Majesty.

Inasmuch as Queen Louisa saw nothing of Mecklenburg, and its woods and waters, in her younger days, it is the less to be wondered at that the most characteristic qualities of her maturity should have owed so little to her paternal ancestors. The case was different with her mother’s family. In 1768 Prince Charles married, as his first wife, Princess Frederica of Hesse-Darmstadt, by whom, besides several children that died in infancy, he had one son (George) and four daughters. At the time of the birth of the third of these, the future Queen Louisa, Prince Charles resided at Hanover, with the rank of field-marshal in command of the troops of the Elector, King George III., and as governor of his capital. The Prince was then, it may be pointed out, residing not in the villa on the Reitwall, which has so long been reputed the birthplace of Queen Louisa, but in the electoral (afterwards royal) palace in the Leinstrasse. The structural

King Ernest Augustus of Hanover). It was this Duke Charles who in 1837 so bitterly opposed the marriage of Princess Helena of Schwerin to the Duke of Orleans, with whom it was then hoped she would in course of time ascend the French throne as the sixth crowned Queen in the house of Mecklenburg.

alterations in the historic building have more or less obscured the local reminiscences associated with it—including those of the tragic catastrophe of Königsmarck. For the rest, there can hardly have been a period in which the civil and military affairs of the Hanoverian Electorate were in a condition of more absolute stagnation. Louisa was in her seventh year when her mother died, a few days after the birth of her tenth child, and her father withdrew with his six surviving young children to Herrenhausen. This pleasant suburban retreat, approached by stately avenues, preserves to this day the polite tranquillity of its *orangeries* and broad garden-walks, which the old Electress Sophia was wont to pace during so many summers, attended by Leibniz and other less illustrious companions of her solitude.

The education of the Strelitz children appears to have been carried on according to arrangements made in their mother's lifetime; and it must have seemed to them in the nature of things when, two years after her death, their father married her younger sister, Princess Charlotte of Hesse-Darmstadt, as his second wife. She was the godmother of the little Louisa, who was present at the wedding and remained at Darmstadt during the ensuing winter months. Before the end of 1785 Prince Charles's second wife, too, died in childbed; and in the following year he bade farewell to Hanover and its melancholy memories, and settled at Darmstadt, where the care of his young children was entrusted to their widowed grandmother, a born Princess of Leiningen, and usually known as the Landgravine Marie. Darmstadt, where the future Queen Louisa was to receive the first enduring impressions of her girlhood, was one of the few German Courts which in the latter half of the eighteenth century took any real interest in intellectual pursuits; but there is no reason for supposing that here, as at Weimar under Anna Amelia and her son Carl August, or at Gotha under Frederick the Great's friend Louisa Dorothea, progressive political ideas connected themselves with the literary sympathies of the dynasty. Besides these, there were some other minor German Courts which in this period showed a more or less active goodwill towards the representatives of a literature no longer appealing mainly or wholly to an exclusive class; and the national culture gained both in simplicity and in strength by this encouragement.

The Court of Darmstadt seems to have had no very early pretensions to rank among the local centres, if one might say so, of

an extension movement not altogether without its hollow places. It was not so very long since the family life at that Court had impressed itself upon the 'shrill' Margravine Wilhelmina of Baireuth, rather after the fashion of an Ibsen *intérieur*; but her experiences must have dated from the reign of Landgrave Lewis VIII. Under Lewis IX. (1768-90) a change took place. His personal tastes were military, and his disposition was ungenial: and Hardenberg's 'Memoirs' give an amusing account of the bad dinners at his Court, and the 'old corporals' who conducted its ceremonial. But for many years his sway was tempered by the influence of his consort Caroline, a born Princess of Zweibrücken, whom her literary contemporaries, including Goethe himself, were accustomed to call the 'Great Landgravine,' and who merited the designation by her bright and ready sympathy, in the midst of many difficulties and disappointments, with all high intellectual effort. She was an indefatigable correspondent, and kept up an intimate intercourse with many leading personages in both the French and the German world of letters; one of the most attached of her followers, as he had good reason to be, was the cynical Merck, who sorrowed deeply for her death in 1774. The chief pleasures of her life were her visits to Berlin, and how the great King there reciprocated her regard was shown by the inscription on the monument erected by him to her memory: '*femina sexu, ingenio vir.*'

Of the Great Landgravine, who thus began the connection which was to determine the course of Louisa's life, the young Princess can have found traditions only at Darmstadt. All Caroline's daughters had by this time long gone forth into the world—the second, Frederica, to become the much-tried Queen of the weakest, though far from the least able, of all the Hohenzollern monarchs, Frederick William II.; the fifth, Louisa, to be married to Carl August of Weimar, and to have (with her tale of trials) a share, immortalised in Goethe's 'Tasso,' in the incomparable literary glories of his Court. With her brother, afterwards known as Grand Duke Lewis I. of Hesse, Goethe first came into contact in his early Frankfort days as a member of a 'secret Arcadian' society, which had its headquarters at Offenbach, and whose active *archon* had induced the young prince to join it; their friendly relations were afterwards renewed at Weimar.

These influences had naturally extended to the ladies of the Darmstadt family, with whom the Strelitz Princesses were directly

connected; and in former days their grandmother, Landgravine Marie, had introduced their mother and aunts to the animated society of Goethe as well as of his friend Merck. It is even more noticeable that on the occasion of Louisa's first sojourn at Darmstadt (in December 1784) Schiller paid a visit to that Court—it was on this occasion that he first made Carl August's acquaintance—and read aloud there the first act of his 'Don Carlos,' then on the eve of publication. The enthusiastic admiration cherished through life by Louisa for the great national poet, so pre-eminently gifted with that flow of feeling for which his age was athirst, must have then germinated. For the rest, the Landgravine Marie, who had herself been simply and religiously brought up, seems to have applied the same methods to the training of her grandchildren. Though in her younger married days she had visited Paris with her husband, and had made some acquaintance with its fashionable and literary society, she had little sympathy with the French tastes which had penetrated to Darmstadt, and which afterwards made it a favourite refuge of the French emigration. Her winter life and that of her charges in the old palace at Darmstadt must have been of the simplest sort; for the Landgrave Lewis IX., whose noble consort had long before this passed away, persistently remained at Pirmasens, drilling his soldiers and excluding all non-military society. In the summer the ladies resided in the neighbouring château of Braunshardt, where portraits of Queen Louisa in her younger days are stated to be still in existence, or at Broich, near Mühlheim on the Ruhr (below Düsseldorf). Pleasant traditions of the openness of the Princess Louisa's youthful hand to melting charity are said to linger in the latter neighbourhood, where the popular religious poet, Krummacher, several years later composed his 'Parables,' dedicated by him to the Queen.¹

The praises due to the system pursued in the early education of Louisa and her sisters may probably be summed up in the one word—modesty; nor is much else to be extracted either from the panegyrics of the irrepressible Bishop Eylert, or from the documentary evidence in the Hohenzollern Museum. After the eldest of the sisters had on her marriage been followed to Hildburghausen by their joint governess, Baroness von Wolzogen, a

¹ F. A. Krummacher's *Parabeln* (Essen and Duisburg, 1805) went through many later editions. One of these poems (*Sleep and Death*) is known to English readers in the admirable translation of the late Rev. W. Gaskell.

Mlle. Agier had been appointed in her place, with results afterwards very lucidly exposed by Queen Louisa in commenting to her husband on the maxim in 'Hermann und Dorothea :'

'Children are not to be moulded as we may desire to mould them.'

A happier choice must have been that of her successor, Mlle. Salomé de Gélieux, a Neuchâtel clergyman's daughter, whose own experience had been acquired as far afield as England, and to whom in her retreat at Colombier we find King Frederick William III. paying a visit of grateful acknowledgment two or three years after his wife's death. Although in the days of her youth German national culture was already emancipating itself from a foreign ascendancy, education in royal and princely families and in the upper classes of society at large continued to seek its models preferentially *outré-Rhin*. In her later years Queen Louisa often lamented that the instruction received by her in her youth had been more French than German; and Jean Paul had it on the testimony of her eldest sister that their mother had set the example by practically suppressing the use among them of the native tongue. Even at Berlin the exaltation of German over French had proved merely one of the reforming whims of Frederick William II., and now towards the close of his reign he was as completely under French domination in his literary tastes as had ever been the case with his uncle. For the rest, there is documentary proof that before the date of her marriage Louisa's acquaintance with the French language had proceeded about as far as her real acquaintance with German, and no further; English she did not even begin to learn till a year or two later. As a matter of course serious gaps were left in her historical and general knowledge, which she is afterwards found striving with pathetic energy to fill; and it is plain enough that, though at a later date she took an eager interest in the Pestalozzian ideas of education, her own mental training, and that of her sisters, had been conducted on a more antique system.

At the same time the principles of Mlle. de Gélieux and the practice of the excellent Landgravine continued to foster in their charges a generous and charitable disposition, limited neither by the smallness of their pocket-money nor by the fears of infection, which in that age were usually regarded as prohibitive of the visitation of the sick poor by well-nurtured women. Lastly, the religious training of her girlhood very manifestly

stood under the influence of the popular theology of the day, a species of moral philosophy hovering halfway between orthodoxy and rationalism, and well represented by the once widely read Christoph Christian Sturm. In a copy of this writer's 'Morning Communings with God,' presented to Louisa in 1788 by her grandmother, and preserved in the Hohenzollern Museum, the Princess has entered under the date of June 15 the manuscript note: 'C'est aujourd'hui le jour le plus etanciele' there seems to be something *himmlisch* in the compound 'de ma Vie, le jour de ma confirmation.' Even after this event, however, she seems to have continued to receive instruction or advice from J. W. Lichthammer, who had confirmed her, and whom more than a year later (in 1793) she is found requesting to order for her from Frankfort Moses Mendelsshon's then still famous 'improvement' upon Plato's 'Phædo.' The letter shows an enthusiasm for learning and a reverence for genius which the writer never lost, however imperfectly she was able to gratify the one or fully to develop the other. In 1800 Jean Paul repeated in the quarter where the information was calculated to give the liveliest satisfaction how, according to Prince George of Strelitz, the Queen his sister never made the smallest journey without taking 'a Herder' with her in the carriage, and how it had been generally remarked at Weimar that she blushed when speaking to the illustrious author in person. Herder's Caroline was through her intimate friend Louisa von Ziegler (Merck's 'Lila') well known to the Darmstadt Princesses.

Among these, Princess Louisa had made her entrance into the great world very quietly. Through the marriage of her sister Theresa the Strelitz family had become connected with the great house of Thurn and Taxis, whose chiefs were for centuries the Postmasters-General of the Empire; and thus it came to pass that Louisa, with her younger sister the vivacious Frederica and their brother George, witnessed, under the most favourable circumstances, two imperial coronations at Frankfort-on-the-Main. In the splendours of that of Leopold II. in 1790, they bore the modest part that became their slender fortunes. Louisa is said to have afterwards related that she had to sew her silk shoes with her own hands. But a singular piece of good fortune had on this occasion made the young people welcome to the most genial hospitality that could have been found in the most hospitable of cities; for they were lodged in the house in the Great Hirschgraben inhabited by Frau Rath Goethe. Many years later, in her green

old age, Goethe's mother imparted to the adoring Bettina those anecdotes concerning her young princely visitors which form part of the stock-in-trade of German pictorial history—how affably they made away with her refection of pancakes and salad *au lard*, and how they tried the mechanism of the pump in her back-yard while she kept their governess locked up in her chamber. Queen Louisa never forgot this innocent frolic; and it was a golden necklace presented by her to the old lady in 1803 which the latter wore at her memorable and all but speechless interview with Mme. de Staël, so inimitably described by Bettina.

After, in 1791, accompanying their grandmother on an *incognito* visit to the Netherlands—a country afterwards consecrated to Louisa by the eloquent prose of Schiller—she and her younger sister in 1792 witnessed another imperial coronation at Frankfort, the last that was ever to take place there. The Princess Louisa had now made her *début*, and we learn from Metternich's autobiography that he had the honour on this occasion of opening with her the ball given by the Imperial Ambassador, Prince Anton Esterhazy. Metternich was intimate with the Strelitz Princesses through their grandmother, who was a personal friend of his own mother; and he records that he remained on terms of sincere mutual affection with Queen Louisa to the last.

In March 1793 the two Princesses were summoned to Frankfort once more, but this time for a purpose personal to themselves. They had been spending the winter at their eldest sister Charlotte's miniature Court of Hildburghausen, to be illuminated at a rather later date by the sworn favourite of the entire sisterhood, Jean Paul. They were now bidden to return to Darmstadt by way of the imperial city, where it was proposed to introduce them to their august kinsman, King Frederick William II. of Prussia and his sons, the Crown-Prince and Prince Lewis. The invasion of Champagne, in which the King and his eldest son had taken part in the previous year, had ended in a retreat through the rain—all the more humiliating because of the manifesto with which Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick had opened the campaign; and the French Republican army had assumed the offensive and taken both Mainz and Frankfort. The latter city was, however, recovered in the last month of the year, and afforded comfortable winter-quarters to the King of Prussia. With the New Year came the awful tidings of the execution of Lewis XVI.; Frankfort

itself, though again free from war, was full of the rumours of it, and the siege of Mainz was actually begun by the Allies in April.

Louisa, like Maud in the poem, was 'but seventeen,' and her sister Frederica was two years younger, when the heir to the Prussian monarchy and his brother, closely united to one another by a tender affection, fell in love with them on the spot, in due order of precedence, and to the complete satisfaction of their amiable, if not exemplary, father. A little more than a month later the two betrothals were solemnised at Darmstadt, and Goethe's account is on record of the visit paid by the young Princesses in May to their future father-in-law in the camp before Mainz. The two weddings followed on Christmas-Eve at Berlin.

Princess Lewis of Prussia was left a widow three years after marriage; but she retained with her charms an elasticity of temperament which made consolation easy. The Crown Princess, whom as Queen the storms of life overwhelmed when she had hardly passed her prime, might have declined to boast that she was 'made of that self metal as her sister.' Yet the trials of her life proved the greatness of soul which was in her, and which owed something to a girlhood in harmony with the noblest passages of her course. But of these trials, which in some measure must have begun very soon after she had taken her place at the Court of an indulgent Sovereign, by the side of his well-intentioned heir, the present is no occasion for speaking.

A. W. WARD.

DOGS THAT EARN THEIR LIVING.

HAPPENING to glance at the papers affixed to the church door in a Yorkshire village, the property of a well-known and justly popular earl in those parts, I noticed that his lordship had last year paid taxes on seventy-eight dogs, besides his hounds. This included the dogs of his sons, daughters, and grandchildren ; but it represented a substantial contribution to the national exchequer.

Seven-eighths of our dogs belong to the ranks of the unemployed and are very properly taxed. The other eighth, who work for their living, enjoy the honourable distinction of being tax free, a very rare and singular privilege in our dear country. It must, however, be added that among the genteel or tax-paying dogs is a small and honourable class, who work strenuously and exercise their brains and bodies in the service of sport. These dogs certainly earn their living, for they aid in the capture of game and save much loss of dead and suffering of wounded animals. Consequently their claim to belong to the active class is undeniable. As many of them undergo yearly competitive examinations in the spring and late summer in field trials, they are thoroughly modern and 'up-to-date' animals, and, though representing a very old-fashioned canine line of business, are quite progressive and in touch with the spirit of the age. Nothing is more characteristic of the 'actuality' of modern life than the way in which new industries grow up and leave those who were engaged in the old ones without employment, and nothing is more characteristic of Englishmen than the nimbleness with which they skip from an old trade to a new one, and avoid being left behind. As with men so with dogs, and especially with English breeds of dog.

They no longer carry the tinker's panniers, with a load of pincers and soldering irons, on their backs, or draw the fish-carts to Nottingham from Grimsby, or bait bears, or track sheep-stealers, or turn the spit.

But so great is the affection and respect of dogs for men, so keen their eagerness to please, so unflagging their zeal when at work, so strong their desire to be employed, that they are ever ready and willing to learn new work, and to make themselves useful as the times demand.

The most recent evidence of the 'transferability' of dogs from complete idleness to strenuous industry occurred recently on the Yukon and other trails to Klondyke. As the gold fever brought together all sorts and conditions of men, and set them to the roughest jobs, in which all differences of class were sunk, so the search for gold brought together dogs of all kinds, sizes, and occupations, and set them all to work hauling sledges. No one cared much whether the individual digger were a navvy, a clerk, an ex-acrobat, or a storekeeper. But they were most particular in inquiring into the antecedents of their dogs, and the value of these was appraised usually in inverse ratio to their civilisation. What was preferred was a half-savage Indian dog, while the dog of civilisation and education was despised. But in the end many of these, even performing dogs, proved their worth. The 'mixture of classes' in the canine society of the Yukon reached its acme when the Canadian Government decided to send a police force up to Klondyke. Previously to this all sorts of animals had been drawing vehicles up the passes and on the portages. Among them were horses, oxen, 'elk,' and goats, but the three latter seldom got further than thirty miles from the coast, owing to the dearth of hay. The native dogs were bought up rapidly, at prices equal to those which a good horse would fetch elsewhere. They were trained animals in which their owners took pride, and were all engaged to different persons or contractors, before the police expedition was decided on. An agent sent to the likeliest spots in the North-west reported that he 'could not get a dog that was a dog' for any price within the bounds of reason. The governor then sent out another agent with orders not to be too select in his selection. The result was, according to Mr. J. B. Burnham, who contributed an account of this expedition to the American 'Forest and Stream', that either because the agent wanted to get back, or because he was not such a connoisseur in dogs as the other man, he returned with a fine string of all kinds of creatures which would not have come under his predecessor's category of 'a dog that was a dog' at all. They were quite civilised dogs; for, instead of going among the Indians, the agent just went down to Lake Superior, North Shore, and bought up everything from performing poodles to the pet dogs of barbers' shops. The police achieved a marvel of organisation in turning many of this untrained assortment into useful sledge animals. The result was that the dogs of civilised man were soon in competition with

Indian 'huskies' and other native teams. One set of fine mongrels about the size of large Scotch terriers, none of them weighing more than 40 lbs., drew a load of 3,000 lbs. over the ice of Lake Bennet. The sledge was always started for them, but when once started they kept it moving. The owner, a half-breed, used to follow behind and out of sight, encouraging them by voice only, and by a system of rewards. But the dogs previously educated to other business acquitted themselves well. 'I saw a trick poodle in one team,' says Mr. Burnham. 'His leader (there were only two dogs in this sledge) was a big sullen Newfoundland, a picture of pessimism personified. The poodle had been recently clipped, and still had its heavy mane and tasseled tail. This poodle was the best-tempered little beast imaginable. Every time the team stopped—and stops were frequent, for there was a sick man along with them—the dog would caper around in his harness, and do everything short of turning somersaults. He stood on his hind legs, and turned backward in the harness, and never was still for an instant.' Our sympathies go out towards this poor little strolling actor of a dog, forced to join in the search for gold. He might have made one of the celebrated troupe with M. Joliceur in Hector Malot's story 'Sans Famille.' As an animal of draught, man was found to be decidedly inferior to dogs, though the men pulled sledges without grumbling. A man could draw his own weight and travel fifteen miles a day. The dog would pull a load equivalent to his own weight and travel thirty miles in a day. The dog language used was quaint. It was a mixture of English and Canadian French, used by persons who mainly had no idea what the latter meant; but as they heard the Canadian Indians use it, they adopted it. The order to start was 'machan,' which on analysis was found to stand for 'marche chien.' The English converted it into 'march on'!

It is commonly believed that the spotted carriage-dogs, once so frequently kept in England, were about the most useless creatures of the dog kind, maintained only for show and fashion. This is a mistake. They were used at a time when a travelling carriage carried, besides its owners, a large amount of valuable property, and the dogs watched the carriage at night when the owners were sleeping at country inns. We feel that we owe an apology to the race of carriage-dogs. They are not useless even now, but, on the contrary, very useful animals, and no one appreciates them more than the coachmen of whose horses they

are the inseparable companions. The coachman of the late Prince Batthyani told the writer that these dogs were the best of aids in training spirited young carriage-horses. The horse constantly looked out for the dog as it ran by its side, paid attention to it, and was so much engaged in thinking of its stable companion the dog, that it was far less nervous, fidgetty, and shy than when taken out alone. One of his dogs was, in his phrase, the 'pride of the Park.' Some readers may remember this dog. It used to place itself exactly beneath the pole chains when the carriage was driven out, and, trotting fast, would maintain its place there to an inch either in the Park or in the streets in the crowd of a London season. In the stables, which were large, the carriage-dog always had one favourite horse, which he slept with. But when the stud was sent into the country by road, he mounted guard at the door of the inn stables at night, and sometimes refused to let the indigenous ostlers and groom enter or to go near the rugs and harness. While the carriage-dog is becoming extinct, in spite of his useful qualities, other breeds are invading spheres of work in which they had formerly no part. The collie, for instance, is replacing the Scotch deerhound in the work of recovering wounded deer, and before long half-bred setters will be doing the work of retrievers. The dog which retrieves is so common that we scarcely admire him enough. Uncivilised or half-civilised races look on him as something super-canine. When Mr. Trevor Battye's old retrieving spaniel Sailor was among the Samoyedes, they, and even the Russian peasants, were quite astonished at his sagacity, and could hardly pay him enough attention. They could not picture a dog which picked up game and did not try to eat it, though their own animals are well trained as drovers' dogs for collecting their reindeer.

There is not the slightest doubt that in the modern retrievers 'acquired habits'—certainly, one acquired habit, that of fetching dead and wounded game—are transmitted directly. The puppies sometimes retrieve without being taught, though with this they also combine a greatly improved capacity for further teaching. Recently a retriever was sent after a winged partridge, which had run into a ditch. The dog followed it some way down the ditch, and presently came out with an old rusty tea-kettle held in its mouth by the handle. The kettle was taken from the dog amid much laughter. Then it was found that inside the kettle was the partridge! The explanation was that the bird, when

wounded, ran into the ditch, which was narrow. In the ditch was the old kettle with no lid on. Into this the bird crept; and, as the dog could not get the bird out, it very properly brought out the kettle with the bird in it. Among dogs that earn their living these good retrievers deserve a place in the front rank. A couple of hundred birds and hares in a season, which would otherwise have been lost, is no uncommon score to a single dog. One would estimate its services in pounds, shillings, and pence at 10% per annum, without reckoning any margin for sport and amusement.

The ancient and honourable dog industry of shepherding will probably endure in full vigour as long as mutton remains in demand. The grounds of this pleasing belief lie deep in the nature of the sheep themselves. Naturally sheep are mountain animals. They always flourish best on high moors and upland pastures, and it is there that the great centres of sheep-breeding endure, whether on the Cumberland fells, the Scotch hills, or the mountains of Spain and Thrace. But in the two latter districts the business of the dog is quite different from that in Scotland or Cumberland. In Spain, or on the Rhodope Mountains, the dog is a guard against wolves, bears, or thieves. In more civilised countries he is deputy shepherd, and does nearly all the hard work, except that which demands the use of hands. People have become so accustomed to the idea that the shepherd-dog is clever and useful, that they often omit to find out for themselves how astonishingly clever and useful he is. One needs to stand below a Cumberland fell and watch them at work, to realise that these are the most highly trained animals in the world. Their sight, unlike that of most dogs, must be astonishingly keen; for they can follow the signals made by their masters' arms at a distance of one and a half mile up a mountain. The side of the fell is divided partly into square enclosures made by walls, with gateways, but no gates. These enclosures become larger higher up the hill, till they end in one long wall, above which is the open moor. This enclosed part is known as the 'intake,' and a gate, or gateway, leads through it on to the moor; this gate, through which every four-footed or two-legged being which goes up the mountain passes, being known as the 'gate of the intake.' Suppose a flock of six or seven hundred sheep is scattered on the moor, and the shepherd is in the valley and wishes to get the whole flock collected, driven through the 'gate of the intake,' then through four or five enclosures into that in which he means them to spend the night, or to be sheared,

or have their fleeces smeared, or in the case of very cold moors to put on jackets for the winter. He does not stir up the hill himself, but sends the dog with one or two spoken words and a wave of his hand. The dog listens carefully and looks keenly at his master. He is *attentive* and deferential. Then he gallops off with a yelp, scampers up through the enclosures, running through the gates, gets beyond the intake, and begins collecting the sheep. This he does often at full gallop, and with much barking. When he is 'blown' he trots. By this time he is a mile up the hill, but sound travels well and the air is clear. The shepherd shouts and waves his arms this way and that, and the dog gallops as directed. This he does largely on trust, for the following reason. The shepherd below, or on an opposite hill, can see the whole moor-side, and 'spots' single sheep or groups scattered in hollows and rolls of the moor. The dog, being on the moorside itself, cannot command the same view, and would either leave sheep behind or have to quarter the ground and beat it, like a setter looking for grouse. His master will in this way signal to the dog to bring in a single sheep, perhaps half a mile from where the animal is standing breathlessly watching for orders.

On the great sheep ranches of North America, as well as on the estancias of Argentina, the dog plays every year a more important part. The Argentine method is the more complete, for by it the dog becomes part of the flock. The puppies are suckled by a ewe, and when grown up are fed only on vegetable food and milk, for which they visit the estancia, and having devoured it rush back to their flock, pursued by the farm dogs. When they reach the flock, they seem at once to gain courage, and turn on their pursuers. They guard the sheep both night and day, and also assist the shepherds to drive them or collect them on the pastures. In the mountain districts of Colorado, in the far northern states, sheep-dogs have been imported from countries as far distant as New Zealand. The most noted breed in Colorado is descended from a pair of these dogs, and their offspring have an inherited gift of shepherding. A six-months-old puppy was employed with others in getting 1,600 sheep into a 'corral' before a blizzard. When the snow began to fall it was noticed that 200 sheep were not there, and that the puppy was also missing. The herders hunted all that night and part of the next day, when the 200 sheep were found, driven into a little gully, with the puppy standing on guard. It had been thirty-six hours without food or

water, and died later from exposure, followed by too much over-feeding from sympathetic persons. This occurred near Port Collins, in Colorado.

The mother of this puppy was one day missed at supper. She was found at the corral, guarding a gate which the shepherd had left open the night before.

In France there is now a sheep-dog club, supported by the Ministry of Agriculture and by the agricultural press, as well as working shepherds and drovers. At Augerville last year, in the immense plains of the Beauce district, where sheep-feeding is the local industry, a competition was held, in which thirty-two dogs were entered. The sheep had to be driven along a serpentine track, merely marked by furrows and flags, over two fences, a ditch, and a mound, and through a gap. All this had to be done to order, and was a trying ordeal both for shepherds and dogs. The latter were mainly broken-haired prick-eared dogs, about the size of a pointer.

It is interesting to know that there is one dog who makes his living by driving a printing press. It is only a development of the old turnspit business, but the dog prints a whole edition of 1,000 papers in one hour. The dog is named Gypsy, and is the property of Messrs. Carroll & Bowen, proprietors of the *Plymouth (Wisconsin) Review*. He is a two-year-old English mastiff, weighs 100 lbs., and does his work by running round in a wooden wheel eight feet in diameter. To the wheel is attached a belt connecting with the presses in the next room, and when the dog has worked off his copy with one press he sets to work on another.

But this is rather below the work expected of dog intelligence, and really a retrograde form of employment, like pulling carts. It is by using their highly specialised senses and intelligence for special work that the services of animals are properly employed, especially their gifts of speed, vigilance, scent, and nocturnal habits. The French army have given up the attempt to make the use of dogs general for sentinel work. In Germany the effort to train them for military work succeeded fairly well. But the Germans are so exacting that they are not satisfied unless their dogs work as much like machines as their men, and the 'standard' set for the dogs is almost too high. When on scouting duty, or 'sentry' go, they are not allowed to bark, or signal the approach of the enemy, but only to 'utter a low growl.' To 'whisper the counter-sign' will probably be the next task set them. Last autumn a competition was held in Silesia of army dogs attached to the

battalion of sharpshooters and jagers. Of the sixteen entries five were collies, four common sheep-dogs, and the others sporting dogs, including two pointers, and an Irish water-spaniel. Seven of the dogs qualified for service by only growling when the enemy approached. Five were disqualified for barking, and the best of all was the water-spaniel. Other trials will be held this winter, when the question whether dogs are or are not to form part of the German army will be finally decided.

In conclusion, those who feel pleasure in the use and continuance of animal helpers and servers will be pleased to note that two most creditable and highly skilled dog industries still survive, which actually did not exist when Dr. Caius wrote his delightful treatise '*De Canibus Angliæ*' for the information of Gesner.

The performers are the decoy-man's dog, and the blind man's dog.

If the decoy dog had been known to Caius he would have included it with delight in his list of bird-taking dogs. But though he mentions the 'subtlety' of ducks, and that the water-spaniel, of which he gives an accurate description, was used to retrieve them when wounded, he says nothing of the more artful devices of the decoy-man's dog. He notes that the water-spaniel was especially useful for fetching back arrows which had been shot at water-birds and were floating, and that the dogs were so clever that they often picked up other people's lost arrows and brought them as well as their masters' arrows.

It is clear from this that decoys were not known at all as early as that, and that the belief that they were a late introduction from Holland is correct. The decoy dog's business is to run in and out of the screens which lead to the pipe, and so to induce the ducks to follow him. A mistake or momentary disobedience by the dog might lose the best 'take' of the season, yet so intelligent and well trained are these dogs that they practically never do wrong.

The blind men's dogs do not appear in English paintings earlier than the reign of Anne, and Dr. Caius mentions them not. In London they form a large and most intelligent part of the very few dogs which earn a living or help their masters to do so. The manner of their education, which is highly specialised, must have puzzled many persons who have seen them resolutely guiding their poor master to his stand, or back to his home, along crowded pavements and over the cross streets, never passing these when a cab is about

to turn up them, and sometimes barking their disapproval if a cart turns without warning too near to their charge. I find that many of these dogs are taught by a half-blind man, who makes this part of his humble livelihood. And 'this he does,' as Herodotus says, 'in a way I am not at liberty to mention.' It would not be right to divulge his educational system. But many are taught by the blind men themselves, especially if they have not always been blind, and remember the streets and turnings. A young dog is taken out with the old dog, and soon imitates him by pulling on the string in front of the man. Then he is told not to go off the pavement, and to be careful in crossing side streets. The blind men ask for human help when crossing the main street, but otherwise trust to the dog. Their duty is to take their master out in the morning, and to take him home again. The latter they learn with no difficulty, going straight to the house door. One particularly clever blind man's dog, who takes his master every day from near Fulham gasworks to the Brompton Road and home again, is only four years old. His master buys his provisions every evening on the way home, and this dog takes him to the shops he deals with. When told to go to the baker's, he takes his master to the shop, and when told to go to the grocer's, he does so without fail. His birthday was on December 14 last, and his blind master presented him with three birthday cakes, one for each year he had served him.

C. J. CORNISH.

A TRIBUTE OF BLOOD.

ON an obelisk erected by King Lewis of Bavaria to the memory of the 30,000 Bavarian soldiers who perished in the Russian campaign of 1812 these words are inscribed: 'Auch sie starben für des Vaterlandes Befreiung' ('They also died for the fatherland's redemption')—which, as these thirty thousand heroes were the oppressor's hirelings and died in his service, seems at first sight a dark saying. Nevertheless it is in a sense true, for had Bavaria refused the tribute of blood demanded by Napoleon the dynasty would have been deposed and the country annexed to France.

With still greater truth can it be said that the thousands of Swiss soldiers who perished in the wars of the Empire died for their fatherland. In 1803 a treaty of perpetual peace and amity, the terms of which were dictated by Napoleon, was concluded between France and Switzerland. The main condition of this instrument was that the latter country should raise by voluntary enlistment, and place at the disposal of France, 16,000 men—in certain circumstances an additional 8,000—and at that figure maintain them. As the Consulate and the Empire were generally at war, this entailed a yearly blood tax which the cantons found it almost impossible to provide. The alternative was a war in which all that remained of Swiss independence would have been lost. Napoleon more than once threatened, and, had he not feared a new Vendée in Central Europe, would have treated Switzerland as he treated Holland, Italy, and Spain.

The regiments raised in pursuance of the 'perpetual treaty' fought wherever the armies of France fought, and though it was not in the nature of things that they should love the service in which they were engaged, they had so high a sense of military honour, so great a regard for the oaths of obedience and allegiance they had taken, as to be ever ready when duty called, reckless alike of danger and hardship, and faithful to the last.

Even a bare recital of the achievements and adventures of Swiss soldiers in Napoleonic wars would fill a volume. Here I propose merely to tell how it fared with those of them who took

part in the campaign of 1812, the most disastrous and terrible in the red annals of war.

On March 20 the first, second, third, and fourth regiments reached Magdeburg, where they joined the second division of the second *corps d'armée*, the former commanded by General Belliard, and afterwards by General Merle, the latter by Marshal Oudinot. At this time the effective strength of the contingent was 7,265 men, and it was later on joined by fresh troops drawn from the depots.

The *corps d'armée*, numbering 44,000 men, was organised and exercised in Pomerania, and on June 24 crossed the Niemen, immediately following the corps of Marshal Davoust, which crossed first. A few days afterwards Oudinot's command was sent to observe the Russian division of General Wittgenstein and protect the flank of the Grande Armée on its way to Moscow, a task involving a great deal of marching, countermarching, and skirmishing, and it was not until August 3 that Merle with the four Swiss regiments arrived at Polotsk, where the real tug of war began.

By this time Oudinot's *corps d'armée* had been reduced to 21,000 men, and, though presently reinforced by the 6th corps under General St. Cyr, their united forces even then did not exceed 33,000 combatants. Never was there a war in which armies melted at a rate so portentous. The Bavarian division of the 6th corps lost 13,000 men out of 26,000 before they fired a shot, and the remainder were so used up on their arrival at Polotsk as to be incapable of fighting. For this woful waste there were several causes, the most potent being the enormous distance these unfortunates had marched, probably not less than two thousand miles, carrying arms, ammunition, and heavy kits in the heat of summer, part of the way through a country which had been ravaged by the Russians under Barclay and still further devastated by the French under Napoleon. In addition to route marching they had often to disperse in order to subsist, and tramp many weary miles in search of food which they did not always find. Some died and fainted by the way, others, becoming footsore, lagged behind and were either taken prisoners by hovering Cossacks or 'knifed' by peasants who lurked in the woods and killed and plundered every foreign soldier whom they could take unawares. Many, no doubt, deserted, for their hearts were not in the cause, and the Bavarians being pressed men had a less

keen sense of military honour than their fellow soldiers from Switzerland, who were volunteers.

Polotsk, where both Switzers and Bavarians paid a heavy tribute of blood, is a small wood-built town on the right bank of the Dwina, near its junction with the Pelotka, about two hundred and fifty miles from Moscow as the crow flies, and thirty miles north of the road followed by the Grand Army on its way to the Russian capital. It was defended on three sides by the two rivers, and on the east side by fortified earthworks. As the region round about had formed part of the old kingdom of Poland, and the inhabitants were mostly Catholics, they were not unfriendly; but the troops suffered much from want of provisions, especially bread, which it was almost impossible to obtain.

Meanwhile the Russians were gathering round Polotsk in great numbers, and every day becoming more threatening in their movements, more daring in their attacks. Marshal Oudinot was severely wounded in a skirmish. The command then devolved on General St. Cyr, who at once took the offensive, and on August 18 defeated the Russians, with a loss to them of 7,000 and to himself of 5,000 men in killed and wounded. In this action, the first battle of Polotsk, the Swiss, though they displayed their wonted courage and coolness under fire, had no opportunity of especially distinguishing themselves. That came later. But their numbers were sadly reduced. The four fine regiments which had crossed the Niemen mustered no more than 2,850 effective men, raised by reliefs which arrived in October to 4,000. The Bavarians fared still worse; for of the original 26,000 only 3,000 were present with the colours.

The Russians, though defeated, had not been routed. They withdrew in good order to an entrenched camp nine miles off, where they waited for reinforcements, and early in October St. Cyr became aware that he was likely to be attacked by an army of 70,000 strong, to whom he could oppose only 21,000 ill-fed, ill-clad men, all who remained of two splendid *corps d'armée*.

On October 17 the attack began, at a time when the 1st and 2nd Swiss regiments were posted on the left of the camp of Polotsk, and the 3rd regiment was holding a position twenty-five miles away in the direction of Witepsk. Here it was assailed by great bodies of the enemy's cavalry and forced to retreat. Again and again the horsemen charged, wildly hurraing; but there

was no breaking through those rows of serried steel; shattered by a rolling musketry fire, the Russians fell back, while the Switzers, flanked to the right and left by their skirmishers, retired in sections, a hundred paces at a time. Towards noon the cavalry abandoned the pursuit, and the Swiss, though again attacked and suffering heavy loss, succeeded in regaining the camp.

On the same day the Grenadier battalion of the 1st regiment, 300 strong, under Captain Gilly of Lucerne, was even more hardly pressed, and won through a yet greater ordeal. From early morning the detachment had been posted at the meeting of the Sebeg and Drissa cross roads, about three miles in front of Polotsk, on the look-out for the enemy. As the country thereabouts was thickly wooded and Captain Gilly had no cavalry vedettes, this was no easy task. After sunset it became still more difficult. The night was dark, the neighbouring trees deepened the prevailing gloom, the booming of big guns in the distance deadened all minor sounds, the men were faint with hunger and weary with long watching. Some of them slept. Suddenly and without warning there came a blaze of fire from the encircling forest, and a shower of bullets was poured into the unsuspecting Switzers at short range, fortunately, owing to the darkness, without finding many billets.

All sprang to arms. It was time; they were beset by two Russian regiments, at least 3,000 strong.

'To the cemetery! At the double! Run, men!' shouted Gilly.

The men obeyed, and in a few minutes had gained the cemetery of Rosna and taken post behind the boundary wall, which was about three feet high. As luck would have it, their pouches were full of cartridges. Every man had sixty rounds. On the other hand, they were surrounded by enemies who outnumbered them by more than ten to one and plied them with a hot fire. But lying down to load and shooting over the wall the Grenadiers held their own for nearly three hours, without serious loss. More than once the Russians tried to climb over the wall or get in at the gate—without success, they were always beaten back.

At length the cartridges gave out. Escape seemed impossible. The Russians called on the little band to surrender.

'Never!' answered Gilly, and then, ordering his men to fall in and follow him, he charged at their head into the thick of the foe.

It was a fierce hand-to-hand, man-to-man struggle, waged in

the darkness with swords, bayonets, and clubbed muskets. The mountaineers—keeping well together, and wielding their weapons with the energy of desperation—drove into the Russians like a wedge, and after an hour's struggle won through and gained Polotsk, leaving behind them the bodies of fifty of their comrades, and their brave captain, who was shot through the head, while of the survivors as many were wounded, all with the bayonet.

This heroic feat, worthy of their forefathers of Morgarten and Morat, won the admiration of both armies, and, as also the retreat of the first and second regiments, was cited by the Marshal in a special order of the day.

But these combats and skirmishes were only the prelude of the second, and greater, battle of Polotsk, which began on the following morning. At six o'clock the Russians debouched from the woods in four columns and moved on the French works. The contest thus began lasted till evening without decisive result, since, though the Russians failed in their attempt to take the town, they held their ground and, it was anticipated, would renew their attack on the morrow.

The Swiss bore themselves with their wonted bravery, which in one instance at least was not tempered with discretion. The first and second regiments and a regiment of Croats, thoughtlessly placed by 'superior orders' in an exposed position, were directed to fall back into their entrenchments. But deeming this a reflection on their courage, the detachment deployed in line of battle and engaged a strong column of the enemy, who were coming on with wild hurrahs at the *pas de charge*.

At first the Switzers were successful, the Russian advance was checked. Yet only for a few minutes. Cavalry and horse artillery galloped to the rescue, the leading columns of the enemy were reinforced with fresh battalions; yet though the ground was covered with their slain, the Swiss, undaunted still, forming in line charged with the bayonet. All in vain. They had to retreat. But they retreated as deliberately as if they had been on parade, at the ordinary rate of seventy paces a minute, turning from time to time on their pursuers, and, when necessary, forming square to resist the riders.

Towards the end the first and second battalions, who had lost half their strength, fell into confusion, on which the Chevalier Guards, the finest cavalry corps of the Czar's army, seeing their opportunity, charged home.

'Close your ranks, lads! Hold fast! Don't give way!' cried old Colonel Raguetty, and the men, making a last effort, repulsed the attack, gained the Polota ravine, and reformed behind their entrenchments. Lieutenant Monney, of the second regiment, saved the colours by swimming with them across the river.

At morning roll-call the two regiments had mustered 1,800 men. At the close of the day not quite 700 answered to their names. They had left on the battle-field, maimed and killed, fifty-two officers and 1,100 common men. The third and fourth regiments, who took part in the defence of a line of entrenchments on the left bank of the Dwina, were more fortunate. After a long artillery duel the enemy tried to take the position by storm, but, being received with a searching fire from the garrison and attacked in flank by the Swiss and a detachment of Bavarians who had been held in reserve, were driven back, leaving 1,500 dead at the foot of the ramparts.

Three hundred of the Bavarians had fallen into the hands of the enemy and were being carried off when Captain Forrer, Lieutenant Ehrismann, and fifteen Grenadiers of the third Swiss made a dash across the Polota, fell on the Russian rearguard, and rescued the captives.

So ended the second of the three battles of Polotsk, and one of the most remarkable and sanguinary episodes of the war. The severity of the contest, as also the courage of the French (of whom, however, very few were French subjects) and the tenacity of the Russians, is attested by the fact that though the former were only 20,000, the latter lost in two days' fighting 10,000 men and six generals.

The night passed without incident, and, contrary to expectation, Wittgenstein did not take the offensive in the morning, from which St. Cyr inferred that there was something in the wind that might not be to his advantage, and towards ten o'clock word came that another Russian force, estimated at 15,000 men, was close at hand and already in communication with the troops on the right bank of the Dwina.

This reinforcement would more than repair the losses of the previous day and raise Wittgenstein's power to upwards of 60,000 combatants.

St. Cyr decided to retreat. Provant and powder were running short, and to let himself be invested were utter ruin; he could not hold out a week. Prompt measures were taken to prevent so

dire a catastrophe. Three regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and a long train of wounded and baggage, were ordered to clear out, and, getting away unseen by the enemy, they made for Uszacz.

Then the Marshal, putting a bold face on it and disposing his remaining troops as though he courted the onset which he dreaded, waited anxiously for night, when he hoped to escape in like manner with the main body, while the Russians, either unready or unaware of their advantage, made only a partial attack in the afternoon, easily repulsed by the Swiss. At four o'clock a thick fog came on, and the withdrawal began. A hundred and forty pieces of artillery defiled over the Dwina in silence, followed by the rest of the army, except Merle's division, which was to have the dangerous honour of covering the retreat.

All went well until eight o'clock, when some soldiers of Legrand's division, not liking to abandon their huts and effects to the enemy, set fire to them. This proceeding betrayed the movement to the enemy, and in the twinkling of an eye sixty mortars and guns of position were pouring shells and shot into the town. Polotsk took fire. At eleven o'clock the Russians, lighted by the flames, were at the palisades. Colonel von Affry had been ordered not to quit the town until the main body of the army were over the river, and with the first, second, and third Swiss and two other regiments he held fast until three o'clock in the morning, not yielding a step until the Russians were in the burning streets, when the last defenders withdrew by sections and in good order, fighting to the last. In the meantime two of the bridges over the Dwina had been destroyed, and the third was so damaged that the rearguard had to cross under a shower of bullets by stepping from pile to pile. Captain Bleuler, who was in command and mounted, plunged into the stream, and, though his horse was shot under him as he swam, got safely over.

Notwithstanding the vigour of the Russian attack and their overwhelming numbers, their only trophy was one gun. The Swiss had saved the army, yet at a great cost. The fourth regiment alone lost thirty-five officers and 400 men, the army as a whole several thousands.

There was further fighting on the following day, to the disadvantage of the Russians, whose losses amounted to 4,000, including 1,800 prisoners taken by the French; but the latter having placed the Dwina between themselves and the main body

of the enemy were now in comparative safety, and, though pursued, made good their retreat without serious difficulty, save such as arose from the weather and insufficiency of food. Yet the army was but a wreck. Of the two fine corps that entered Russia, amounting with subsequent additions to 100,000 men, there remained only 14,000. Of the four Swiss regiments, though since crossing the Niemen they had received 1,100 men from the depots, there were present with the colours only 1,500. And these diminished daily, as much by disease as by fighting. For misery and want reigned in the French camp; rations were short and bad, the weather was cold and wet, shelter scarce. No wonder men were beginning to lose heart. But worse was to come, and they who died soonest were the most to be envied.

A month after leaving Polotsk, the Swiss, now under command of Marshal Oudinot, who had recovered from his wounds, were at Bobr, on their way to join the Grande Armée, and there the officers and soldiers who had most distinguished themselves at Polotsk were made members of the Legion of Honour. What was more to the purpose and a veritable stroke of luck, the division captured a Russian convoy of shoes and warm clothing, which gave them great comfort and put them for the time in high spirits.

Three days later the second corps, some 8,000 strong, of whom 1,200 were Swiss, fell in with the army from Moscow. The sight stupefied them. They were struck dumb with consternation and dismay. Instead of the still fine force which, as they had hoped, would extricate them from their difficulties, they beheld a mob of fugitives—gaunt, ragged, dirty, unshorn, hollow-eyed, without order or arms, marching anyhow, and mixed up pell mell with horses, carts, artillery, and sleighs. The Grande Armée had become a ghastly rabble. Not more than five or six thousand men, the *débris* of the Old Guard, presented the least semblance of discipline. Hunger and cold, battle and fatigue, had destroyed entire divisions. Even before the battle of Borodino the Emperor had lost 100,000 men, 10,000 horses, and 500 guns. But for Oudinot's corps and Victor's, not one of the survivors would have got over the Beresina.

As I am dealing only with the Swiss regiments, I shall not attempt to describe in detail the passage of that river of sinister fame. It presented immense difficulties. The old bridge had been destroyed, a sudden flood had rendered the only ford im-

practicable, the river was full of floating ice, and both banks were occupied in force by the enemy.

By good fortune, however, the Russians temporarily abandoned their position on the right bank in the very nick of time. The French, now commanded by Napoleon in person, seized it at once, two pontoon bridges were thrown across the river, and at two o'clock on the afternoon of November 20 the passage began, the second army corps, led by Ney (Oudinot having been again wounded), going first.

Oudinot's troops, with which were all that remained of the Swiss regiments, took post on the Zembin road, a few miles west of the Beresina, so close to the enemy that they had to lie in the open with their heads on their knapsacks and their loaded muskets by their sides. The officers, fearing a surprise, were afoot and on the look-out all night. No rations had been distributed since morning, the temperature was below zero, and the snow fell fast in great flakes.

In the morning they were assailed by a Russian corps commanded by Tchaplitz, but the attack was not pressed; Ney had no difficulty in keeping the road clear, and the passage of the Beresina continued without interruption.

By nightfall all were over but Victor, who with 10,000 men was still on the east side of the river, doing his best to keep back Wittgenstein, while the main body, under the Emperor, continued their retreat. On the morrow Victor also would have to cross, if he could, for it was known that Tchaplitz, who had been strongly reinforced, meant to be beforehand with him, and, by destroying the bridges, force him to surrender. To prevent this consummation the second corps was ordered not to move until Victor's was over the river and well on the road to Zembin. Which meant that most of the second corps would have to die, for the Russians were full of fight, and 35,000 to 9,000 is long odds.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 28th the Swiss fell in, and the first regiment, led by Commandant Blattmann, intoned the patriotic hymn beginning :

Unser Leben gleicht die Reise
Eines Wanderers in der Nacht.

And even as the men sang their death-song the bullets began to fly and the cannons to boom.

Was there ever in the long history of war an incident so

deeply pathetic, a scene so luridly picturesque? The dark surging river, the sombre woods, the white snow, soon to be reddened with the blood of the slain, the tramp of infantry, the rattle of drums and the blare of trumpets, and, louder still, the cries of the great multitude of waifs and strays who were pressing in fearful haste over the two bridges.

And, watching it all, and giving his orders as calmly as if he were commanding a parade, was the author of all this misery and ruin, his face impassive, his will unyielding, his heart unpitiful. For, though vexed with the loss of his army and doubtless apprehensive of further disaster, Napoleon was not dismayed, and for his victims he had no compassion.

'What are a hundred thousand lives to a man like me?' he said to Prince Metternich when the latter, shortly before the battle of Leipsic, spoke of the Russian campaign.

Yet when he passed through the ranks his soldiers still cried 'Vive l'Empereur!' and a few words of praise from his lips repaid them for all their sufferings. He was their god. Though he slew them, yet they believed in him.

Junot succeeded in crossing the Beresina with some ten thousand men (one division had been compelled to surrender), his rearguard trampling down and pushing through the mob of stragglers who still encumbered the bridges. A few minutes later these were broken, partly by the press, partly by the shells and shot that a Russian battery was raining on the bridges and the river, in which 12,000 wretched fugitives were presently engulfed.

Meanwhile the battle raged fiercely on the right bank. The Russians redoubled their efforts to reach the bridges. As Merle's division, hard pressed, was giving way, a cavalry charge led by Colonel Dumerc turned the tide, the Russians gave way, and three battalions laid down their arms. At this moment, and just as the Swiss had spent their last cartridges, the Russians were reinforced by a whole division. Two sergeants who went for fresh supplies were shot dead. Then the four regiments were ordered to charge.

'By order of the General, charge!' cried Vonderwied. 'Forward with the bayonet! Drummers, beat the charge!'

As Drummer Kundert, of Glarus, sprang to the front, his face was shattered by a bullet. Captain Rey picked up the drum and went on beating the charge.

The four regiments, advancing in line and close order, rolled back their foemen several hundred paces, and so gave time for bringing up fresh ammunition. But the Russians were not to be denied. They came on again and again. Six times Merle's division attacked them with the bayonet, and six times left the ground covered with dead and wounded men. Neither side could claim a complete victory, but the French attained their object and the Russian onslaught failed.

Every general of the second *corps d'armée*, except Marshal Ney and one other, was *hors de combat*. Of the four regiments no more than three hundred men were left, a third of them wounded. This poor remnant was further diminished during the terrible fifty days' march to the Niemen. A mere handful reached the dear Fatherland, maimed with frost-bite, scarred with bullets, and ruined in health. A few more, who had been taken prisoners, were released after the war. But nearly nine thousand brave mountaineers had paid the tribute of blood with their lives, and their names are not forgotten.

WILLIAM WESTALL.

CONFERENCES ON BOOKS AND MEN.

XVII.

THE POETRY OF CHAUCER.

ON October 25, just five centuries ago, died Geoffrey Chaucer, the first English poet. This month we shall all be making some effort to do honour to his memory. Some of us may ride on horseback to Canterbury along the pilgrims' way, through Dartford and Rochester and Ospringe, changing for the nonce our ordinary methods of locomotion, like Chaucer's sailor, who

Rode upon a rouncey as he could.

Others of us, perhaps, performed the journey in 1885, upon the quingentenary of the original pilgrimage, and in April among the 'sweet showers,' and did not find the experience so exciting that we wish as yet to repeat it. For such, a four days' journey through the publications of the Chaucer Society may be recommended as an equivalent penance. Others again care little for celebrations and pilgrimages, and much for poetry; and they will probably turn to Chaucer's own book either in the sumptuous edition of Professor Skeat or the handy volume of Mr. Pollard. It is with the object of winning, if I may, some new readers for this great and lovable master that I this month take up my pen. I shall say nothing about his life; the few facts are admirably marshalled in Mr. Alfred Pollard's shilling primer. Nor shall I say anything of rhyme-tests, and all the many interesting questions discussed among the learned. I address myself to the unlearned, to the many readers of poetry who are rather shy of Chaucer because of his queer spelling; and I will ask leave to put before them a few passages in the ordinary spelling of to-day, so far as rhyme and rhythm will allow; treating Chaucer, in fact, as we treat Shakespeare. If I could, I would persuade them of the unique beauty of Chaucer's verse, of his fine eye for colour, his excellent faculty of story-telling, his keen and tolerant reading of human character, his winning pathos, his lambent humour. In order to do this, or something of this, I will leave aside altogether the earlier poems,

which perhaps require for their enjoyment some special sympathy with mediæval conventions, and speak only of the *Canterbury Tales*.

Our generation has been eminently fortunate, not only in the number and excellence of its own poetical writers, but in the growth of a spirit of critical appreciation of the poets of other ages. When Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* pays a visit to Westminster Abbey he is shown in Poets' Corner the monuments of Shakespeare, Milton, Prior, and Drayton. 'Drayton?' he replies; 'I never heard of him before, but I have been told of one Pope; is he here?' Nowadays everybody knows at least two poems by Drayton: his great sonnet, 'Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,' and his *Ballad of Agincourt*; and no one wishes to compensate this knowledge by indifference to Pope's 'Rape of the Lock' or 'Essay on Man.' Chaucer, from the fact that he stands at the head of our English writers, has received in every age the respect due to antiquity, but it is only in our own days, through the patient labour of such scholars as Dr. Morris, Dr. Furnivall, and Professor Skeat, that the secret of his verse has been rediscovered, so that his poetry can be enjoyed as well as praised. The secret was lost when inflections were lost, very soon after Chaucer's death, and it has taken five hundred years to rediscover it. Chaucer's most enthusiastic panegyrists in this interval were Spenser and Dryden. Spenser speaks of Chaucer in terms of the most respectful admiration; like Milton in 'L'Allegro,' he bewails the incompleteness of the *Squire's Tale*, and vows to Chaucer's 'most sacred happy spirit' that he can only venture on telling the story of *Canace*,

through infusion sweet
Of thine own spirit which doth in me survive.

But when he imagines himself to be writing in Chaucer's manner, the verse he turns out is of this tumbling quality:

The sovereign of seas he blames in vain
That once sea-beat will to sea again;
So loitring live you little herd-grooms.
Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms:
And when the shining sun laugheth once
You deemen the spring is come at once.
Then gin you, fond flies, the cold to scorn,
And crowing in pipes made of green corn,
You thinken to be Lords of the year.
But eft, when ye count you freed from fear,

Comes the breame winter with chamfred brows
 Full of wrinkles and frosty furrows,
 Drearly shooting his stormy dart
 Which cruddles the blood and pricks the heart :

a charming passage in itself, but of a movement nowise like Chaucer's verse with four accents, as any reader may see for himself by looking only at the two or three lines from the 'House of Fame' to which Spenser here makes reference :

And many flute and liling-horne
 And pypēs made of grenē corne,
 As han thise litel herdē gromēs
 That kepen bestēs in the bromēs. (iii. 133.)

How Spenser read Chaucer's decasyllables we can only guess, but how Dryden read them we can see from a quotation he makes in his fascinating Preface to the 'Fables from Boccaccio and Chaucer,'¹ a book in which he attempts for his own generation the same impossible task of paraphrasing into the current dialect that Horne and Wordsworth attempted for the generation preceding ours. I transcribe the passage in his spelling :

But firste, I pray you, of your courtesy,
 That ye ne arrete it not my villany
 Though that I plainly speak in this mattere
 To tellen you her words, and eke her chere :
 Ne though I speak her words properly.
 For this ye knowen as well as I,
 Who shall tellen a tale after a man
 He mote rehearse as nye as ever he can :
 Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue
 Or feine things or find words new.

The sixth line Dryden himself spoilt by writing *as* for *also* to bring out the sense; but the fifth and tenth must have been hard nuts for him to crack. In Chaucer's text they stand as follows, and, as we now understand, must be read with the case-inflections sounded, as they are marked :

and
 Ne thogh I speke hir wordēs proprely
 Or feynē thing, or fyndē wordēs newe.

The fourth line Dryden could not forbear amending, as he transcribed it, by the insertion of 'eke' to take the place of the *e* in wordēs, which he read as mute. It is extraordinary, con-

¹ This Preface may now be most conveniently read in *Essays of John Dryden*, selected and edited by Professor Ker, our best living critic of prose.

sidering the way in which Dryden must have read the passage, that he should have spoken as mildly as he does about Chaucer's scansion; he is only roused when the new school of critics, who had begun to take an interest in Chaucer, hinted that the fault lay in eighteenth-century ears:

The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but 'tis like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*: they who lived with him and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of Faith and Revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers, in every verse which we call *heroic*, was either not known, or not always practised, in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousand of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius before Vergil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared.

That we can now read Chaucer's verse with pleasure, nay with delight, that we have discovered it to be as learnedly written as Milton's, far more learnedly written than either Waller's or Denham's, we owe to our modern scholars, and we must acknowledge our debt.

The points in which the old critics were content to praise Chaucer are worth noting. In the first place, everybody recognised that he found English no language at all, but a hotch-potch of homely dialects, and had left it a language capable of expressing any thought or emotion that could be expressed in Latin or French or Italian. Chaucer had demonstrated that by his translations. The point on which they especially loved to dwell was the tact with which he had thus settled the vocabulary of the literary language. The poet Deschamps calls him, with what in a later day might have sounded like sarcasm,

Grand translateur, noble Geoffroi Chaucer.

The writer of a *ballade* in Caxton's 'Book of Courtesy' makes use of the phrase 'well of eloquence,' which Spenser afterwards

borrowed in a famous passage of the 'Faery Queene' (iv. ii. 32), and adds this fine eulogy :

Whatever to say he took in his intent,
His language was so fair and pertinent
It seemed unto mannës hearing
Not only the word, but verily the thing.

Praise of a writer's language could not go higher than that. Lydgate and Hoccleve also celebrate him as 'loadstar of our language' and 'flower of eloquence.' But it was not until Dryden, who could not honestly praise his manner, that we have any worthy appreciation of his matter. In the Preface to the Fables already referred to Dryden has an elaborate comparison between Chaucer and Ovid, in the taste of the day, which loved wrangling on the respective merits of the ancients and moderns. Both of them, he says, were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine; their studies were the same, philosophy and philology; both of them were knowing in astronomy; both wrote with wonderful facility and clearness; neither was a great inventor, but each built on the inventions of other men, though Dryden points out that the 'Cock and the Fox' at least was Chaucer's own; both were excellent in description of persons, but the figures of Chaucer are much more lively; to Chaucer also he awards the palm for propriety of sentiments, for knowing what to say on every occasion, and for knowing when to leave off. He gives Chaucer the highest commendations that the eighteenth century could bestow: 'He was a perpetual fountain of good sense;' 'he followed Nature everywhere.' As I have given the passage in which Dryden speaks disrespectfully of Chaucer's verse, let me put by it that in which he praises his substance; for the praise is admirable, and the prose is Dryden's :

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. The matter and manner of their tales and of their telling are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious and some virtuous; some are unlearn'd, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learn'd. Even the ribaldry of the low characters

is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Prioress and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this; there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that *here is God's plenty*.

To turn, however, from Dryden's admirable preface to the versions from Chaucer that follow is to receive a rude shock. He tells in the Preface that some antiquaries of his own day had objected to his enterprise, but he replied to them that what he was doing was not for his 'Saxon friends,' but for the public 'who understand sense and poetry, when poetry and sense is put into words which they understand.' He speaks of his work as a 'transfusion' or 'translation;' and modestly urges that if in some places the beauty is lost 'by the innovation of words,' some beauties may also be added to passages which had them not originally. I go into this matter at such length, because it is good for us to appreciate the debt we owe to those critics who have taught us the vast interval that really separates Chaucer's verse from Dryden's once popular 'transfusion.' I have among my books a copy of Dryden's Fables with manuscript notes by Leigh Hunt. It is plain that he began to read the book with the orthodox conviction of the day, that Dryden had done an invaluable service to letters by polishing Chaucer's rough diamonds; for he explains at the beginning that an asterisk is to mark the good passages. But again and again the asterisk is supplemented by the note 'Word for word from the original,' and there are many notes which at first hesitatingly and presently with emphasis record the critic's growing conviction that Chaucer has been badly served by his friend. 'Dryden has omitted here a very lively and characteristic part of the picture.' 'These lines are a noble specimen of increasing energy—of "building the lofty rhyme:" but Dryden has omitted a fine finishing touch of his rude original.' 'The original is much more natural and pathetic;' 'Chaucer has a fine racy line in this place;' 'Chaucer is more native and striking in this passage.' 'This pleasant satire is better and pithier in Chaucer.' At last we come to the note: 'A pretty natural touch of Dryden's, *quite worthy of his original*!' There is a famous story of a young enthusiast telling Mr. Ruskin of a visit he had paid to Florence, and how he had seen at once all that the Master had written of the merits of Botticelli. To whom the master replied: 'At once? It took me

twenty years' hard study to discover them.' We now can see at a glance the merit of Chaucer's verse; let us not forget the patient labour of the critics who gave us our eyes. It may be interesting to compare a passage of Dryden with his original; for that purpose we will take a very beautiful and characteristic description of morning in the 'Knight's Tale.'

The bisy larkē, messenger of day,
 Saluēth in her song the morrow gray;
 And fiery Phebus riseth up so bright
 That all the orient laugheth of the light.
 And with his streamēs drieth in the greves
 The silver dropēs hanging on the leaves.

In Dryden's 'transfusion' this became:

The morning lark, the messenger of day,
 Saluted in her song the morning gray;
 And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
 That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous light;
 He, with his tepid rays, the rose renews,
 And licks the drooping leaves and dries the dews.

The reader will not fail to note that all the spring is taken out of the lines by Dryden's exchange of an iambic for a trochaic movement, Chaucer having thirteen trochaic disyllables in the six lines to Dryden's six; that all the freshness is taken from them by the substitution of 'the sun' for 'fiery Phebus,' and 'the horizon' for 'the orient;'¹ and that all the poetry is gone when for the lovely picture summoned up by Chaucer's last line we have nothing but a coarse metaphor and a dull matter-of-fact statement.

It may be worth while, as Chaucer has not yet found an anthologist, to collect from his writings a few passages remarkable for the beauty of their expression. The difficulty of doing so arises from the fact that Chaucer has no short lyrics of any especial moment, and that he writes as a rule in so free and copious a style, that a passage that can stand alone and explain itself is apt to run to a good many lines. His most splendid writing comes in his long descriptive passages. Occasionally, however, he introduces a vignette, such as the following from 'The Tale of the Man of Lawe,' which once read can never be forgotten:

Have ye not seen sometime a palē face
 Among a press, of him that hath been lad

¹ But this is from Dante, 'Faceva tutto rider l'oriente.'

Toward his death, whereas him gat no grace,
 And such a colour in his face bath had,
 Men mightē know his face that was bistad,¹
 Amongēs all the faces in that rout :—
 So stant Custance, and looketh her about,

or this from the 'Knight's Tale:'

Right as the hunter in the regne² of Thrace
 That standeth at the gappē with a spear,
 When hunted is the lion or the bear,
 And heareth him come rushing in the greves
 And breaketh bothē boughēs and the leaves,
 And think'th, 'Here com'th my mortal enemy,
 Withoutē fail, he moot be dead, or I ;
 For either I moot sleen him at the gap,
 Or he moot sleen me, if that me mishap :'
 So fareden they, in changing of their hue.

or this from the 'Squire's Tale:'

Men loven of proper kind newfangelness,
 As briddēs do, that men in cages feed,
 For though thou night and day take of them heed,
 And straw their cagē fair and soft as silk,
 And give them sugar, honey, bread, and milk,—
 Yet right anon, as that his door is up,
 He with his feet will spurn adown his cup
 And to the wood he will, and wormēs eat.

Sometimes, too, he breaks away in the midst of his tale to address his readers ; and such passages being, from the nature of the case, especially deeply felt, have usually an especial charm or vigour of expression. An example occurs in the 'Clerk's Tale,' when Chaucer comments on the fickleness of the crowd :

O stormy people ! unsad³ and ever untrue !
 Ay indiscreet, and changing as a vane,
 Delighting ever in rumble⁴ that is new,
 For like the moon ay waxē ye and wane ;
 Ay full of clapping,⁵ dear enough a Jane⁶ ;
 Your doom is false, your constance evil preveth,⁷
 A full great fool is he that on you leveth.⁸

Another example is the address 'virginibus puerisque' in the concluding stanzas of 'Troilus and Cressida:'

O youngē, freshē, folkēs, he or she,
 In which ay love upgroweth with your age,

¹ Hard bestead.

² Kingdom.

³ Unsettled.

⁴ Rumour.

⁵ Chatter.

⁶ At a halfpenny

⁷ Proveth.

⁸ Believeth.

Repair¹eth¹ home fro worldly vanity !
 And of your heart upcasteth the viságe
 To th' ilk² God that after his imáge
 You made ; and thinketh all n'is but a fair
 This world, that passeth soon as floweres fair !

But even single lines suffice for the assay of Chaucer's poetic metal. When we think of Dryden's complacent patronage of his attempts at verse-writing, and come upon such a magnificent line as that which begins a paragraph in the 'Knight's Tale'—

In darkness and horrible' and strong prisoún ;

or further on in the same Tale a line breathing the very soul of desolation—

What is this world ? what asketh men to have ?
 Now with his love, now in his cold³ grave
 * Alone, withouten any company—

we cannot but wonder at the blindness of our forefathers. And the reader is always coming upon such lines.

I have not had no part of children twain
 But first sickness, and after woe and pain,

says poor patient Grisilda to her insufferable lord and master. What better praise of music could there be than the simple line

That it is like an heaven for to hear ?

or what deeper philosophy of love than

I can but love her best, my sweet² foe ?²

or what happier description of joy than

As fain as fowl is of the bright² sun ?

or what sweeter invocation of summer than

Now welcome summer with thy sunn² soft
 That hath this winter's weather overshaken ?

Troilus, wandering through Troy and musing upon the place where he had parted from Cressida, finds in the wind there the sound of her sighing, and thus reasons upon it :

And hardily this wind that more and more
 Thus stound³emeal³ increaseth in my face
 Is of my lady's deep³ sighes sore !
 I prove it thus—for in none other space

¹ The reader will note that *-eth* is the ending of the imperative.

² This is the original of Sidney's 'That sweet enemy France,

³ Momently.

Of all this toun, save only in this place,
Feel I no wind that soundeth so like pain :
 It saith "Alas, why twinnéd¹ be we twain ?"

As we are tasting Chaucer's virtue thus in single lines, it may be well here to note how, despite the smooth and large flow of most of his writing, he has when he pleases the skill to cast a fact or a moral sentence into a terse, telling phrase, that lives in the memory. Several times in his Tales he interjects the line,

For pity runneth soon in gentle heart.

It would be impossible to put the fact that vulgar people take a pleasure in attributing low motives for conduct above their comprehension more concisely than thus :

They deemen gladly to the badder end.

The Hawk who gave her heart to the Tercelet expresses the extent of her devotion in this vigorous image :

And shortly, so far forth this thing is went,
 That *my* will was *his* will's instrument.

And she casts her sorrow and disgust at her false lover's empty protestation into the biting epigram :

What he answered it needeth not rehearse,
 Who can *say* bet than he, who can *do* worse ?
 When he hath all well *said*, then hath he *done*.

When Arcite is thrown from his horse and irrecoverably wounded, Chaucer, after showing for several verses his learning in the medicine of the day, puts the case into a couplet :

And certainly where Nature will not wirche²
 Farewell, physic ! go bear the man to church.

And has not the whole mystery of cooking found its fit metaphorical expression in this exclamation :

These cookes how they stamp³ and strain and grind
 And turnen substance into accident ?

But it is time to give an example of what Chaucer can do on a larger scale.

The 'Knight's Tale,' as befits the subject, is full of gorgeous colour, and splendid with pictures of chivalry at its best and brightest. One knows not which to admire more, the beaten

¹ Parted.

² Work.

³ Pound.

gold of the story, or the jewels that are set into it. For an example of the former take the first sight of Emilye by Palamon.

Thus passeth year by year and day by day,
Till it fell onēs, in a morrow of May,
That Emelye that fairer was to seen
Than is the lily upon his stalkē green
And fresher than the May with flowerēs new —
For with the rosē colour strove her hew
I not¹ which was the fairer of them two —
Ere it were day, as was her wont to do,
She was arisen, and all ready dight;
For May will have no sluggardy anight.
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start
And saith, 'Arise and do thine óbservance.'
This maked Emelye have rémembrance
To do honóur to May, and for to rise.
Yclothed was she fresh, for to devise;
Her yellow hair was broided in a tress
Behind her back, a yardē long, I guess.
And in the garden, at the sun uprist,
She walketh up and down, and as her list
She gathereth flowerēs, party white and red,
To make a subtil² garland for her head,
And as an angel heavenly she song.
The greatē tower, that was so thick and strong,
Which of the castle was the chief dungeóun
(Where as the knightēs weren in prisóun,
Of which I toldē you, and tellen shall)
Was even joynant to the garden-wall,
Where as this Emelye had her playing.
Bright was the sun and clear that morrowning.
And Palamon, this woful prisoner,
As was his wont, by leave of his gaoler
Was risen and roamed in a chamber on high
In which he all the noble city seigh³
And eke the garden, full of branches green,
Where as this freshē Emelye the shene
Was in her walk, and roamed up and down.
This sorrowful prisoner, this Palamon,
Goeth in the chamber, roaming to and fro,
And to himself complaining of his woe;
That he was born full oft he said 'alas'⁴
And so befel, by áventure or cas,⁵
That through a window, thick of many a bar
Of iron great and square as any spar,⁶
He cast his eyen upon Emelya
And therewithal he blenched, and criéd 'a'!

¹ Know not.

² Fine wrought.

³ Saw.

⁴ Hap.

⁵ Bolt.

For the finest specimens of Chaucer's talent for making pictures we must turn to the third part of the 'Knight's Tale,' in which he describes the great lists, a mile in circuit, which Theseus set up for the tournament between the two lovers; with their three 'oratories' of Venus, Mars, and Diana. It will be interesting to place side by side the passages about the statue of Venus and the portraiture upon the wall of the temple of Mars, for the utter contrast of their styles.

The statue of Venus, glorious for to see,
Was naked, fleeting in the largē sea,
And from the navel down all covered was
With wavēs, green and bright as any glass.
A citole in her right hand haddē she,
And on her head, full seemly for to see,
A rosy garland, fresh and well smelling;
Above her head her dovēs flickering.
Before her stood her sonē Cúpido.
Upon his shoulders wingēs had he two;
And blind he was as it is often seen;
A bow he bare and arrows bright and keen.

.

First, on the wall was painted a forest
In which there dwelleth neither man nor beast,
With knotty, knarry, barren treēs old
Of stubbēs sharp and hideous to behold,
In which there ran a rumble and a swough¹
As though a storm should bresten every bough;
And downward from an hill, under a bent,
There stood the temple of Mars armipotent
Wrought all of burnished steel, of which th' entree
Was long and strait and ghastly for to see
And there out came a rage and such a vese²
That it made all the gatēs for to rese.³
The northern light in at the doorēs shone,—
For window on the wall ne was there none
Through which men mighten any light discern.—
The doors were all of adamant eterne
Yclenchēd overthwart and endēlong
With iron tough, and for to make it strong,
Every pillár, the temple to sustain,
Was tonnē great, of iron bright and shene.

By these two let us put the jewelled picture of the King of Ind:

The great Emetrēus, the King of Ind,
Upon a steedē bay, trappēd in steel,
Covered in cloth of gold, diapred well,

¹ A moaning and sighing wind.

² Rush of wind.

³ Shake.

Came riding like the god of armès, Mars.
 His coat-armurè was of cloth of Tars¹
 Couched with pearlès, white and round and great ;
 His saddle was of burnt gold, new ybet ;
 A mantelet upon his shoulder hanging,
 Bret-ful² of rubies red, as fire sparkling ;
 His crispè hair like ringès was yrun,
 And that was yellow and glittered as the sun.
 And as a lion he his looking cast.

So far we have been attending to Chaucer's skill in expression ; his mastery of rhythm and metre, his mastery over words, his skill in telling a story and painting a picture. The passages quoted will illustrate what Matthew Arnold once spoke of as the 'lovely charm' of Chaucer's 'divine liquidness of diction, his divine fluidity of movement.' It remains to speak of what is more commonly recognised as Chaucer's great poetic virtue, namely (to quote Matthew Arnold again), his 'large, free, simple, clear, yet kindly view of human life.' This comes out most evidently in the great work of Chaucer's later life, the 'Prologue' to The Canterbury Tales. Every one who has read the 'Prologue,' and it is to be hoped that their number is legion, will say as Dryden said : 'I can see all the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the "Tabard" in Southwark.' And not only can we see them, we can see through them. Chaucer has given us more than dress, features, and humours ; with these he has given us their characters, and almost always sympathetically. His method is, from the circumstances, entirely different from Shakespeare's, whom in his benignity and in his humour he not a little resembles ; he cannot to any great extent put his pilgrims before us and let them speak ; he has to describe them ; and therefore there cannot fail to be about the portraits a slight touch of caricature. But it is of the slightest. The portrait is clearly recognisable as the portrait of a type, but it is none the less individual. The most lively of them all is naturally the one who is the most dramatised, the host, Harry Bailly. Both in the 'Prologue' and in the dramatic passages connecting the several tales he figures as the moving spirit, boisterous, self-confident, merry, with a word and a jape for every one—a carefully graduated word and jape, however, as between gentle and simple ;

¹ Chinese silk.² Brim-ful.

for he was not only 'bold in his speech' but 'wise, and well y-taught.' Compare, for example, his wheedling tone to the Prioress :

My lady Prioressë, by your leave,
So that I wist I shouldë you not grieve,
I wouldë deemen that ye tellen should
A talë next, if so were that ye would:
Now will you vouchësafe, my lady dear?

with the patronising air he adopts to the poor Clerk of Oxford :

'Sir Clerk of Oxenford,' our hostë said,
'Ye ride as coy and still as doth a maid
Were newë spousëd, sitting at the board;
This day ne heard I of your tongue a word;'

or the rude way he breaks in when the Franklin is complimenting the young Squire on his tale—the tale that was, alas! left 'half-told.' His admonition to the Parson expresses in a line the Englishman's feeling about sermons :

'Be fructuous—and that in little space.'

What he said when the sermon was over is not recorded; we could not blame him if he were asleep. Like most big men he was tender-hearted, and was so much upset by the Doctor's Tale about Virginia that he moralises on things in general for some thirty lines.

By *corpus bonës*! but ¹ I have triacle,²
Or else a draught of moist and corny ale,
Or but ¹ I hear anon a merry tale,
Mine heart is lost for pity of this maid.

Characteristically also, like publicans to-day, he is a good Church and State man, with a horror of Dissent. When the Parson reproves him for swearing, he breaks out

'O Jankyn, be ye there?
I smell a Loller in the wind,' quoth he.

One must not speak of the host without referring to Mistress Bailly, of whom her husband gives a far from pleasant sketch at the end of the 'Tale of Melibeus.'

So much of the life Chaucer drew has passed away that we cannot prove the verisimilitude of his portraits by comparing them with their modern representatives except in a few instances. The

¹ Unless.

² Balm.

professional manner of the lawyer is well caught in a celebrated couplet :

Nowhere so busy a man as he there n'as,
And yet he seemed busier than he was.

Of the physician he notes his careful diet, his skill in making a fortune, and his want of leisure or inclination for theology ; of the merchant, his admirable bearing, which carefully concealed the state of his fortunes at any moment. Some of the best portraits are those of country folk : the Reeve, or Estate-steward, who, while he satisfied the estate auditors, managed to enrich himself so that he could lend his master money, but who would let no one cheat his master but himself ; and the Country Justice, the St. Julian of his countryside :

Withoutē bakē meat was never his house,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snowēd in his house of meat and drink.
Of allē dainties that men couldē think,
After the sundry seasons of the year,
So chaunged he his meat and his suppér.
Woe was his cook but if his saucē were
Poignant and sharp, and ready all his gear.
His table dormant in his hall alway
Stood ready covered all the longē day.

Of the Knight, and his son, and their yeoman he speaks with great respect ; his sarcasms are chiefly reserved for the clerical pilgrims, who, as was natural on a religious pilgrimage, outnumber the laity. In his treatment of these, he shows himself a sympathiser with Wyclif, with whom he shared the patronage of John of Gaunt. For instance, he is much more tender to the monk than to the friar. All that he has to say against the monk is that he loved hunting, and Chaucer's humour is sometimes so sly that it is difficult to make sure how far he sympathised with the monk in his athletic tastes. He calls him

A manly man, to been an abbot able.
Full many a dainty horse had he in stable.
And when he rode men might his bridle hear
Ginglen in a whistling wind as clear
And eke as loud as does the chapel bell,
Where as this lord was keeper of the cell.
He gave not of that text a pullēd hen
That saith, that hunters be not holy men ;
And *I said* his opinion was good.
Why should he study and make hiselven wood¹

¹ Mad.

Upon a book in cloister alway to pore,
 Or swinken ¹ with his handës, and labour,
 As Austin bid ? How shall the world be served ?
 Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.

The monk, when the Host reproaches him for retiring to a cloister instead of bringing up a family, takes it all in good part, and for his tale tells a series of moral 'Tragedies,' or stories of great men fallen on evil days. On the other hand, Chaucer follows Wyclif in furiously attacking the friars and pardoners. The friar he makes a mere wanton, and the pardoner a rascally impostor and thief. Indeed, in the case of the pardoner the poet's indignation gets the better of his artistic judgment. It is incredible that the pardoner, however much he had drunk, if he were sober enough to tell his tale at all, should have painted his own malpractice as cynically as he does—saying that his motive in preaching was only covetousness—and then have passed round the hat at the end. His description of his pulpit manner recalls a style of preaching very fashionable with young curates twenty years ago :

I standë like a clerk in my pulpét,
 And when the lewëd ² people is down yset,
 Then pain I me to stretchë forth the neck,
 And east and west upon the people I beck,
 As doth a dovë sitting on a barn.

With the pardoner and the friar must go the cherubic summoner, who served the Archdeacon's writs. He and the friar quarrel and tell tales against each other's profession, Chaucer plainly regarding them both as tarred with the same brush. As a set-off against them we have the famous portrait of the poor Country Parson :

A good man was there of religioun
 And was a poorë parson of a toun ;
 But rich he was of holy thought and work ;
 He was also a learned man, a clerk,
 Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,
 But he ne leftë not, for rain ne thunder,
 In sickness nor in mischief to visite
 The farrest in his parish, much and lyte,
 Upon his feet and in his hand a staff.
 This noble ensample to his sheep he gave,
 That first he wrought and afterward he taught ;
 Out of the gospel he the wordës caught ;
 And this figüre he added eke thereto—
 That if gold rustë what shall iron do ?

¹ Labour.

² Lay.

In concluding this Conference it may be interesting to collect a few specimens of Chaucer's humour. In many of the tales there is not very much scope for humour; we have only an occasional stroke by the way. If there is opportunity for bringing in a rabble, Chaucer usually gives himself play for a line or two; and it may be remembered that the only humorous passages in Spenser are his descriptions of crowds, which he borrows, like so much else, from his master. Chaucer's best crowd is that, described in the 'Squire's Tale,' which stood round the 'wondrous horse of brass' conjecturing what it might be.

But evermore their mostë wonder was
How that it couldë go, and was of brass!
It was of Fairy, as all the people seemed.
Diversë folk diversëly they deemed;
As many heads as many wits there been.
They murmerëd as doth a swarm of been,¹
And maden skiles² after their fantasies,
Rehearsing of these oldë poetries,
And saiden, It was like the Pegasee,
The horse that haddë wingës for to flee;
Or else it was the Greeke's horse Synon,
That broughtë Troyë to destruction,
As men may in these oldë gestës read.
'Mine heart,' quoth one, 'is evermore in dread
I trow some men of armës ben therein,
That shapen them this city for to win;
It were right good that all such things were knowe;³
Another roundeth³ to his fellow lowe,
And said, 'He lieth, it is rather like
An apparence ymade by some magic,
As Jugglers playen at these feastës great.'

And so forth. Spenser copies this in his description of the crowd that gathers round the slain dragon:

Some feared and fled; some feared and well it feigned.
One that would wiser seem than all the rest
Warned him not touch, for yet perhaps remained
Some lingering life within his hollow breast,
Or in his womb might lurk some hidden nest
Of many Dragonettes, his fruitful seed:
Another said that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed
Another said he saw him move his eyes indeed.
So diversely themselves in vain they fray.

¹ Bees.² Reasons.³ Whispers.

The 'Clerk's Tale,' which celebrates the patience of Grisilda under the trials of the young 'Markis,' affords no opportunity for merriment; but Chaucer cheers it at the end by an Envoy.

Grisild is dead and eke her patience,
And both atonës buried in Itaille;¹
For which I cry in open audience,
No wedded man so hardy be to assail
His wife's patience, in hope to find
Grisilda, for in certain he shall fail.

Ye archëwivës, standeth at defence,
Since ye be strong as is a great camél
Ne suffreth not that men you do offence;
And slender wivës, feeble as in battél,
Be eager² as is a tiger yond in Ind;
Ay clappeth as a mill, I you counsél.
Ne dread them not, ne do them reverence;
For though thy husband arméd be in mail,
The arrows of thy crabbéd eloquence
Shall pierce his breast and eke his aventail;³
In jealousy I rede eke thou him bind,
And thou shalt make him couch as doth a quail.

The relations of the sexes, indeed, furnish occasion to not a few sarcastic interjections:

Husbands be allë good, and have been yore,
That knowen wives, I dare say you no more,

he says in the 'Man of Law's Tale;' and then, a few lines below, to make the balance true, he cries out:

O Satan envious since thilke day
That thou wert chaséd from our heritage,
Well knowest thou to women the oldë way!

Sometimes we cannot be quite sure whether Chaucer is smiling or not. Among the images of death and destruction on the wall of the Temple of Mars, we have

The hunter strangled by the wildë bears,
The sow freten the childe right in the cradle,
The cook yscalded for all his longë ladle.
The barber, and the butcher, and the smith.

But there is one tale in which Chaucer gives full play to his humour, and that is the 'Nun's Priest's Tale' about the Cock and the Fox. So far as is known the amplification of the old fable is due entirely to Chaucer, and from first to last there is not a dull

¹ Italy.

² Bitter.

³ Front of helmet.

line in it. The description of Chaunticleer and Dame Partelote his dream, her contempt for his cowardice and recommendation of physic, their grave discussion about the origin and purpose of dreams, the hue and cry after Reynard, are each better than the last. We must allow ourselves but two passages, and if these should drive any stranger to Chaucer, to take up and read the story for himself, their length will be atoned for. First for Chaunticleer and his Dame :

His voice was merrier than the mery organ,
On massē days that in the churchē gon,¹
Well sikerer² was his crowing in the lodge
Than is a clock or an abbey orloge.
His comb was redder than the fine corál
And batted as it were a castle wall.
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone ;
Like azure were his leggēs and his toen ;³
His nailēs whiter than the lily flower,
And like the burnished gold was his colour.
This gentle cock had in his governaunce
Seven hennēs, for to don all his pleasaunce,
Which were his sisters and his paramours,
And wonder like to him, as of colours ;
Of which the fairest hewēd on her throat,
Was cleped fair damoisel Pertelote.
Courteous she was, discreet and debonair,
And compaignable, and bare herself so fair,
Since thilke day that she was seven night old,
That truēly she hath the heart in hold
Of Chaunticleer, locken in every lith !⁴
He loved her so that well him was therewith.
But such a joy was it to hear them sing,
When that the brightē sunnē gan to spring,
In sweet accord ' my love is faren in londe.'⁵

Chaunticleer's banishment of his fears as soon as the day dawns is charmingly described :

Now let us speak of mirth and stint all this ;
Madamē Pertelote, so have I bliss,
Of one thing God hath sent me largē grace ;
For when I see the beauty of your face,
Ye be so scarlet red about your yēn
It maketh all my dreadē for to dien ;
For, also siker as ⁶ *In principio*
Mulier est hominis confusio ;
Madame, the sentence of this Latin is—
' Woman is mannes joy and all his bliss ;' ⁷

¹ Goes.² More certain.³ Toes.⁴ Limb.⁵ Gone away.⁶ As sure as.⁷ The Latin really means, 'Woman is man's confusion.'

I am so full of joy and of soláce
 That I defyð bothð sweven and dream.[']
 And with that word he flew down from the beam,
 For it was day, and eke his hennēs all;
 And with a chuck he gan them for to call,
 For he had found a corn lay in the yard.
 Royal he was, he was no more afeard;
 He looketh as it were a grim leoún;
 And on his toes he roameth up and down,
 Him deigned not to set his foot to ground.
 He chucketh when he hath a corn y'found,
 And to him runnen then his wivēs all.

After telling of the fox's lying in wait, the poet apostrophises the Cock and proceeds to poke a little quiet fun at the Schoolmen :

O Chaunticleer, accursed be that morrow,
 That thou into that yard flew from the beams!
 Thou wert full well y-warnēd by thy dreams,
 That thilkē day was perilous to thee;
 But what that God forwot must needēs be,
 After the opinion of certain clerkēs.
 Witness on him, that any perfect clerk is,
 That in school is great altercation
 In this mattér, and great disputison,
 And hath been of an hundred thousand men.
 But I ne cannot bould¹ it to the bren,
 As can the holy doctor Augustine,
 Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardine,
 Whether that Goddēs worthy forwitting
 Straineth me needēly to don a thing,—
 (Needily clepe I simple necessity)
 Or elles if free choice be granted me
 To do that samē thing, or do it not,
 Though God forwot it ere that it was wrought
 Or if his witting straineth never a deal
 But by necessity conditional.
 I will not have to do of such mattére!
 My tale is of a cock, as ye may hear.

What happened in the event the reader who does not know must discover in the poet's text.

¹ Sift to the bran.

THE ISLE OF UNREST.¹

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

AUTHOR OF 'THE SOWERS,' 'WITH EDGED TOOLS,' 'IN KEDAR'S TENTS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GOLD.

‘I do believe yourself against yourself,
And will henceforward rather die than doubt.’

ALL eyes were now turned on the notary, who was hurriedly looking through the papers thrown down before him by Lory.

‘They have passed through my hands before, when I was a youth, in connection with a boundary dispute,’ he said, as if to explain his apparent hastiness. ‘They are all here—they are correct, monsieur.’

He was a very quick man, and folding the papers as he spoke he tied them together with the faded pink tape which had been fingered by three generations of Vasselots. He laid the packet on the table close to Lory’s hand. Then he glanced at Denise and fell into thought, arranging in his mind that which he had to say to her.

‘It is one of those cases, mademoiselle,’ he said at length, ‘common enough in Corsica, where a verbal agreement has never been confirmed in writing. Men who have been friends become enemies so easily in this country. I cannot tell you upon what terms Mattei Perucca lived in the Casa. No one can tell you that. All that we know is that we have no title-deeds, and that monsieur has them. The Casa may be yours, but you cannot prove it. Such a case tried in a law court in Corsica would go in favour of the litigant who possessed the greater number of friends in the locality. It would go in your favour if it could be tried here. But it would need to go to France. And there we could only look for justice, and justice is on the side of monsieur.’

He apologised, as it were, for justice, of which he made himself the representative in that room. Then he turned towards de Vasselot.

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'Monsieur is well within his rights——' he said, significantly, '——if he insist on them.'

'I insist on them,' replied Lory, who was proud of Denise's pride.

And Denise laughed.

The notary turned and looked curiously at her.

'Mademoiselle is able to be amused.'

'I was thinking of the Rue du Cherche-Midi in Paris,' she said, and the explanation left the lawyer more puzzled than before. She took up her gloves and drew them on.

'Then I am rendered penniless, monsieur?' she asked the notary.

'By me,' answered Lory. And even the notary was silent. It is hard to silence a man who lives by his tongue. But there were here, it seemed, understandings and misunderstandings which the lawyer failed to comprehend.

The Abbé Susini had crossed the room and was whispering something hurriedly to Mademoiselle Brun, who acquiesced curtly and rather angrily. She had the air of the man at the wheel, to whom one must not speak. For she was endeavouring rather nervously to steer two high-sailed vessels through those shoals and quicksands that must be passed by all who set out in quest of love.

Then the abbé turned impulsively to Lory.

'Mademoiselle must be told about the gold—she must be told,' he said.

'I had forgotten the gold,' answered Lory, quite truthfully.

'You have forgotten everything, except the eyes of mademoiselle,' the abbé muttered to himself as he went back to his place near the window. De Vasselot took up the packet of papers and began to untie the tape awkwardly with his one able hand. He was so slow that Mademoiselle Brun leant forward and assisted him. Denise bit her lip and pushed a chair towards him with her foot. He sat down and unfolded a map coloured and drawn in queer angles. This he laid upon the table, and, by a gesture, called Mademoiselle Brun and Denise to look at it. The abbé took a pencil from the notary's table, and after studying the map for a moment he drew a careful circle in the centre of it, embracing portions of the various colours and of the two estates described respectively as Perucca and Vasselot.

'That,' he said to Lory, 'is the probable radius of it so far as the expert could tell me on his examination of the ground yesterday.'

Lory turned to Denise.

'You must think us all mad—at our games of cross-purposes,' he said. 'It appears that there is gold in the two estates—and gold has accounted for most human madnesses. Where the abbé has drawn this line, there lies the gold—beyond the dreams of avarice, mademoiselle. And Colonel Gilbert was the only man who knew it. So you understand Gilbert, at all events.'

'You did not know it when I asked your advice in Paris?'

'I learnt it two hours ago from the Abbé Susini; so I hastened here to claim the whole of it,' answered Lory, with a laugh.

But Denise was grave.

'But you knew that Perucca was never mine,' she persisted.

'Yes, I knew that, but then Perucca was valueless. So soon as I knew its value, I reclaimed it.'

'I warn Monsieur de Vasselot that such frankness is imprudent; he may regret it,' put in the notary with a solemn face. And Denise gave him a glance of withering pity. The poor man, it seemed, was quite at sea.

'Thank you,' laughed de Vasselot. 'I only judge myself as the world will judge me. You were very rich, mademoiselle, and I have made you very poor.'

Denise glanced at him and said nothing. And de Vasselot's breath came rather quickly.

'But the Casa Perucca is at your disposal so long as you may choose to live there,' he continued. 'My father is to be buried at Olmeta to-morrow, but I cannot even remain to attend the funeral. So I need not assure you that I do not want the Casa Perucca for myself.'

'Where are you going?' asked Denise, bluntly.

'Back to France. I have heard news that makes it necessary for me to return. Gambetta has escaped from Paris in a balloon, and is organising affairs at Tours. We may yet make a defence.'

'You!' said Mademoiselle Brun. Into the one word she threw, or attempted to throw, a world of contempt, as she looked him up and down, with his arm in a sling, and his wounded leg bent awkwardly to one side; but her eyes glittered. This was a man after her own heart.

'One has one's head left, mademoiselle,' answered Lory. Then he turned to the window, and held up one hand. 'Listen!' he added.

It was the music of a second regiment marching down the Boulevard du Palais towards the port, and, as it approached, it was rendered almost inaudible by the shouts of the men themselves, and of the crowd that cheered them. De Vasselot went to the window and opened it, his face twitching and his eyes shining with excitement.

'Listen to them,' he said. 'Listen to them. Ah! but it is good to hear them.'

Instinctively the others followed him, and stood grouped in the open window, looking down into the street. The band was now passing, clanging out the 'Marseillaise,' and the fickle people cheered the new tricolour as it fluttered in the wind. Some one looked up, and perceived de Vasselot's uniform.

'Come, mon capitaine,' he cried; 'you are coming with us!'

Lory laughed, and shouted back—

'Yes—I am coming.'

'See,' cried a sergeant, who was gathering recruits as he went—'see! there is one who has fought, and is going to fight again! Vive la France, mes enfants! Who comes? Who comes?'

And the soldiers, looking up, gave a cheer for the wounded man who was to lead them. They passed on, followed by a troop of young men and boys, half of whom ultimately stepped on board the steamer at the last moment, and went across the sea to fight for France.

De Vasselot turned away from the window, and went towards the table, where the papers lay in confusion. The abbé took them up, and began to arrange them in order.

'And the estate and the gold?' he said; 'who manages that, since you are going to fight?'

'You,' replied de Vasselot, 'since you cannot fight. There is no one but you in Corsica who can manage it. There is none but you to understand these people.'

'All the world knows who manages half of Corsica,' put in Mademoiselle Brun, looking fiercely at the abbé. But the abbé only stamped his foot impatiently.

'Woman's gossip,' he muttered, as he shook the papers together. 'Yes, I will manage your estate if you like. And if there is gold in the land, I will tear it out. And there is gold. The amiable colonel is not the man to have made a mistake on that point. I shall like the work. It will be an occupation. It will serve to fill one's life.'

'Your life is not empty,' said mademoiselle.

The abbé turned and looked at her, his glittering eyes meeting her twinkling glance.

'It is a priest's life,' he said. 'Come,' he added, turning to the lawyer—'come, Mr. the Notary, into your other room, and write me out a form of authority for the Count de Vasselot to sign. We have had enough of verbal agreements on this estate.'

And, taking the notary by the arm, he went to the door. On the threshold he turned, and looked at Mademoiselle Brun.

'A priest's life,' he said, 'or an old woman's. It is the same thing.'

And Lory was left alone with mademoiselle and Denise. The window was still open, and from the port the sound of the military music reached their ears faintly. Mademoiselle rose, and went to the window, where she stood looking out. Her eyes were dim as she looked across the sordid street, but her lips were firm, and the hands that rested on the window-sill quite steady. She had played consistently a strong and careful game. Was she going to win or lose? She held that, next to being a soldier, it is good to be a soldier's wife and the mother of fighting men. And when she thought of the Rue du Cherche-Midi, she was not able to be amused, as the notary had said of Denise.

There was a short silence in the notary's office. De Vasselot was fingering the hilt of his long cavalry sword reflectively. After a moment he glanced across at Denise. He was placed, as it were, between her and the sword. And it was to the sword that he gave his allegiance.

'You see,' he said, in a low voice, 'I must go.'

'Yes, you must go,' she answered. She held her lip for a moment between her teeth. Then she looked steadily at him. 'Go!' she said.

He rose from his chair and looked towards Mademoiselle Brun's back. At the rattle of his scabbard against the chair, mademoiselle turned.

'There is a horse waiting in the street below,' she said—'the great horse that Colonel Gilbert rides. It is waiting for you, I suppose.'

'I suppose so,' said Lory, who went to the window and looked curiously down. Gilbert was certainly an odd man. He had left in anger, and had left his horse for Lory to ride. He waited a moment, and then held out his hand to Mademoiselle Brun. All

three seemed to move and speak under a sort of oppression. It was one of those moments that impress themselves indelibly on the memory—a moment when words are suddenly useless, when the memory of an attitude and of a silence remains all through life.

‘Good-bye, mademoiselle,’ said Lory, with a sudden cheerfulness; ‘we shall meet in France next time.’

Mademoiselle Brun held out her shrinking little hand.

‘Yes, in France,’ she answered.

To Denise, Lory said nothing. He merely shook hands with her. Then he walked towards the door haltingly. He used his sword like a walking-stick, with his one able hand. Denise had to open the door for him. He was on the threshold, when Mademoiselle Brun stopped him.

‘Monsieur de Vasselot,’ she said, ‘when the soldiers went past, you and Colonel Gilbert spoke together hurriedly; I saw you. You are not going to fight—you two?’

‘Yes, mademoiselle, we are going to fight—the Prussians. We are friends while we have a common enemy. When there is no enemy—who knows? He has received a great appointment in France, and has offered me a post under him. And I have accepted it.’

CHAPTER XXIX.

A BALANCED ACCOUNT.

‘Let the end try the man.’

BAD news, it is said, travels fast. But in France good news travels faster, and it is the evil tidings that lag behind. It is part of a Frenchman’s happy nature to believe that which he wishes to be true. And although the news travelled rapidly, that Gambetta—that spirit of an unquenchable hope—had escaped from Paris with full power to conduct the war from Tours, the notification that the army of de la Motterouge had melted away before the advance of von der Tann did not reach Lory de Vasselot until he passed to the north of Marseilles with his handful of men.

That a general, so stricken in years as de la Motterouge, should have been chosen for the command of the first army of the Loire spoke eloquently enough of the straits in which France found herself at this time. For this was the only army of the

Government of National Defence, the *débris* of Sedan, the hope of France. General de la Motterouge had fought in the Crimea: 'Peu de feu et beaucoup de baïonnette' had been his maxim then. But the Crimea was fifteen years earlier, and de la Motterouge was now an old man. Before the superior numbers and the perfectly drilled and equipped army of von der Tann what could he do but retreat?

Thus, on their arrival in France, Colonel Gilbert and Lory de Vasselot were greeted with the news that Orleans had fallen into the hands of the enemy. It was the same story of incompetence pitted against perfect organisation—order and discipline meeting and vanquishing ill-considered bravery. All the world knows now that France should have capitulated after Sedan. But the world knows also that Paris need never have fallen, could France only have produced one mediocre military genius in this her moment of need. The capital was indeed surrounded, cut off from all the world; but the surrounding line was so thin that good generalship from within could have pierced it, and there was an eager army of brave men waiting to join issue from the Loire.

It was to this army of the Loire that Colonel Gilbert and de Vasselot were accredited. And it was an amateur army. It came from every part of France, and in its dress it ran to the picturesque. Franks-tireurs de Cannes rubbed shoulders with Mobiles from the far northern departments. Spahis and Zouaves from Africa bivouacked with fair-haired men whose native tongue was German. There were soldiers who had followed the drum all their lives, and there were soldiers who did not know how to load their chassepots. There were veteran non-commissioned officers hurriedly drilling embryo priests, and young gentlemen from St. Cyr trying to form in line grey-headed peasants who wore sabots. There were fancy soldiers and picturesque fighters, who joined a regiment because its costume appealed to their conception of patriotism. And if a man prefers to fight for his country in the sombrero and cloak of a comic-opera brigand, what boots it so long as he fights well? It must be remembered, moreover, that it is quite as painful to die under a sombrero as under a plainer covering. A man who wears such clothes sees the picturesque side of life, and may therefore hold existence as dear as more practical persons who take little heed of their appearance. For when the time came these gentlemen fought well enough, and ruined their picturesque get-up with their own blood. And

if they shouted very loud in the café, they shouted, Heaven knows, as loud on the battlefield, when they faced those hated, deadly, steady Bavarians, and died shouting.

Of such material was the army of the Loire ; and when Chanzy came to them from North Africa—that Punjaub of this stricken India from whence the strong men came when they were wanted—when Chanzy came to lead them, they commanded the respect of all the world. For these were men fighting a losing fight, without hope of victory, for the honour of France. They fought with a deadly valour against superior numbers behind entrenchments ; they endeavoured to turn the Germans out of insignificant villages after allowing them time to fortify the position. They fought in the open against an invisible enemy superior in numbers, superior in artillery, and here and there they gained a pitiful little hard-earned advantage.

De Vasselot, still unable to go to the front, was put to train these men in a little quiet town on the Loire, where he lodged with a shoemaker, and worked harder than any man in that sunny place had ever worked before. It was his business to gather together such men as could sit a horse, and teach them to be cavalry soldiers. But first of all he taught them that the horse was an animal possessing possibilities far beyond their most optimistic conception of that sagacious but foolish quadruped. He taught them a hundred tricks of heel and wrist, by which a man may convey to a horse that which he wishes him to do. He made the horse and the man understand each other, and when they did this he sent them to the front.

In the meantime France fed herself upon false news, and magnified small successes into great victories. Gambetta made many eloquent speeches, and issued fiery manifestoes to the soldiers ; but speeches and manifestoes do not win battles. Paris hoped all things of the army of the Loire, and the army of the Loire expected a successful sortie from Paris. And those men of iron, Bismarck, Moltke, and the emperor, sat at Versailles and waited. While they waited the winter came.

De Vasselot, who had daily attempted to use his wounded limbs, at length found himself fit for active service, and got permission to join the army. Gilbert was no longer a colonel. He was a general now, and commanded a division which had already made its mark upon that man of misfortune—von der Tann, a great soldier with no luck.

One frosty morning de Vasselot rode out of the little town upon the Loire at the head of a handful of his newly trained men. He was going to take up his appointment; for he held the command of the whole of the cavalry of General Gilbert's division. These were days of quick promotion, of comet-like reputations, and of great careers cut short. De Vasselot had written to Jane de Mélide the previous night, telling her of his movements in the immediate future, of his promotion, of his hopes. One hope which he did not mention was that Denise might be at Fréjus, and would see the letter. Indeed, it was written to Denise, though it was addressed to the Baronne de Mélide.

Then he went blithely enough out to fight. For he was quite a simple person, as many soldiers and many horse-lovers are. He was also that which is vaguely called a sportsman, and was ready to take a legitimate risk not only cheerfully, but with joy.

'It is my only chance of making her care for me,' he said to himself. He may have been right or wrong. There is a wisdom which is the exclusive possession of the simple. And Lory may have known that it is wiser to store up in a woman's mind memories that will bear honour and respect in the future, than to make appeal to her vanity in the present. For the love that is won by vanity is itself vanity.

He said he was fighting for France, but it was also for Denise that he fought. France and Denise had got inextricably mixed in his mind, and both spelt honour. His only method of making Denise love him was to make himself worthy of her—an odd, old-fashioned theory of action, and the only one that enables two people to love each other all their lives.

In this spirit he joined the army of the Loire before his wounds had healed. He did not know that Denise loved him already, that she had with a woman's instinct divined in him the spirit, quite apart from the opportunity, to do great things. And most men have to content themselves with being loved for this spirit and not for the performance which, somehow, is so seldom accomplished.

And that which kept them apart was for their further happiness; it was even for the happiness of Denise in case Lory never came back to her. For the majority of people get what they want before they have learnt to desire. It is only the lives of the

few which are taken in hand and so fashioned that there is a waiting and an attainment at last.

Lory and Denise were exploring roads which few are called upon to tread—dark roads with mud and stones and many turnings, and each has a separate road to tread and must find the way alone. But if Fate is kind they may meet at the end without having gone astray, or, which is rarer, without being spattered by the mud. For those mud-stains will never rub off and never be forgotten. Which is a hard saying, but a true one.

Lory had left Denise without any explanation of these things. He had never thought of sparing her by the simple method of neglecting his obvious duty. In his mind she was the best of God's creations—a woman strong to endure. That was sufficient for him; and he turned his attention to his horses and his men. He never saw the background to his own life. It is usually the onlooker who sees that, just as a critic sees more in a picture than the painter ever put there.

Lory hardly knew of these questions himself. He only half thought of them, and Denise, far away in Provence, thought the other half. Which is love.

Lory took part in the fighting after Orleans and risked his life freely, as he ever did when opportunity offered. He was more than an officer, he was a leader. And it is better to show the way than to point it out. Although his orders came from General Gilbert, he had never met his commanding officer since quitting the little sunny town on the Loire where he had recovered from his wounds. It was only after Châteaudun and after the Coulmiers that they met, and it was only in a small affair after all, the attempted recapture of a village taken and hurriedly fortified by the Germans. It was a night attack. The army of the Loire was rather fond of night-fighting; for the night equalises matters between discipline and mere bravery. Also, if your troops are bad, they may as well be beaten in the dark as in the daylight. The survivors come away with a better heart. Also, discipline is robbed of half its strength by the absence of daylight.

Cavalry, it is known, are no good at night; for horses are nervous and will whinny to friend or foe when silence is imperative. And yet Lory received orders to take part in this night-attack. Stranger things than that were ordered and carried out in the campaign on the Loire. All the rules of warfare were

outraged, and those warriors who win and lose battles on paper cannot explain many battles that were lost and won during that winter.

There was a moon, and the ground was thinly covered with snow. It was horribly cold when the men turned out and silently rode to the spot indicated in the orders. These were quite clear, and they meant death. De Vasselot had practically to lead a forlorn hope. A fellow-officer laughed when the instructions were read to him.

‘The general must be an enemy of yours,’ he said. And the thought had not occurred to Lory before.

‘No,’ he replied, ‘he is a sportsman.’

‘It is poor sport for us,’ muttered the officer, riding away.

But Lory was right. For when the moment came, and he was waiting with his troopers behind a farm-building, a scout rode in to say that reinforcements were coming. As these rode across the open in the moonlight, it was apparent that they were not numerous; for cavalry were scarce since Reichshofen. They were led by a man on a big horse, who was comfortably muffled up in a great fur-coat.

‘De Vasselot,’ he said in a pleasant voice, as Lory went forward to meet him—‘De Vasselot, I have brought a few more to help you. We must make a great splash on this side, while the real attack is on the other. We must show them the way—you and I.’ And Gilbert laughed quietly.

It was not the moment for greetings. Lory gave a few hurried orders in a low voice, and the newcomers fell into line. They were scarcely in place when the signal was given. A moment later they were galloping across the open towards the village—a sight to lift any heart above the thought of death.

Then the fire opened—a flash of flame like fork-lightning running along the ground—a crashing volley which mowed the assailants like a scythe. Lory and Gilbert were both down side by side. Lory, active as a cat, was on his legs in a moment and leapt away from the flying heels of his wounded horse. A second volley blazed into the night, and Lory dropped a second time. He moved a little, and cursed his luck. With difficulty he raised himself on his elbow.

‘Gilbert,’ he said, ‘Gilbert.’

He dragged himself towards the general, who was lying on his back,

'Gilbert,' he said, with his mouth close to the other's ear, 'we should have been friends, you know, all the same, but the luck was against us. It is not for one to judge the other. Do you hear? Do you hear?'

Gilbert lay quite still, staring at the moon with his easy, contemplative smile. His right arm was raised and his great sabre held aloft to show the way, as he had promised, now pointed silently to heaven.

Lory raised himself again, the blood running down his sleeve over his right hand.

'Gilbert,' he repeated, 'do you understand?'

Then he fell unconscious across the general's breast.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

'I gave—no matter what I gave—I win.'

THE careful student will find in the back numbers of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, that excellent family magazine, the experiences of a German military doctor with the army of General von der Tann. The story is one touched by that deep and occasionally maudlin spirit of sentimentality which finds a home in hearts that beat for the Fatherland. Its most thrilling page is the description of the finding, by the narrator, of the body of a general officer during a sharp night engagement, across which body was lying a wounded cavalry colonel, who had evidently devoted himself to the defence of his comrade in arms.

The reminiscent doctor makes good use of such compound words as 'brother-love' and 'though-superior-in-rank-yet-comrade-in-arms-and-companions-in-death-affectionate,' which linguistic facility enables the German writer to build up, as he progresses in his narration, words of a phenomenal calibre, and bowl the reader over, so to speak, at a long range. He finishes by mentioning that the general was named Gilbert, a man of colossal engineering skill, while the wounded officer was the Count Lory de Vasselot, grandson of one of Napoleon's most dashing cavalry leaders. The doctor finishes right there, as the Americans say, and quite forgets to note the fact that he himself picked up de Vasselot under a spitting cross-fire, carried him into his own field hospital, and

there tended him. Which omission proves that to find a brave and kind heart it is not necessary to consider what outer uniform may cover, or guttural tongue distinguish, the inner man.

Lory was shot in two places again, and the doctors who attended him laughed when they saw the old wounds hardly yet healed. He would be lame for years, they said, perhaps for life. He had a bullet in his right shoulder, and another had shattered his ankle. Neither was dangerous, but his fighting days were done, at all events for this campaign.

'You will not fight against us again,' said the doctor, with a smile on his broad Saxon features, and in execrable French, which was not improved by the scissors that he held between his lips.

'Not in this war, perhaps,' answered the patient, hopefully.

Again the tide of war moved on; and, daily, the cold increased. But its chill was nothing to that cold, slow death of hope that numbed all France. For it became momentarily more apparent that those at the head of affairs were incompetent—that the man upon whom hope had been placed was nothing but a talker, a man of words, an orator, a wind-bag. France, who has usually led the way in the world's progress, had entered upon that period of words—that Age of Talk—in which she still labours, and which must inevitably be the ruin of all her greatness.

For two weeks Lory lay in the improvised German field hospital in that remote village, and made the astounding progress towards recovery which is the happy privilege of the light-hearted. It is said among soldiers that a foe is no longer a foe when he is down, and de Vasselot found himself among friends.

The German doctor wrote a letter for him.

'It will be good practice for my French,' said the artless Teuton, quite frankly. And the letter was sent, but never reached its destination. Lory could learn no news, however. In war there are, not two, but three sides to a question. Each combatant has one, and Truth has the third, which she often locks up for ever in her quiet breast.

At last, one morning quite early, a horseman dismounted at the door of the house in the village street, where the hospital flag hung lazily in the still, frosty air.

'It is a civilian,' said an attendant, in astonishment, so rare was the sight of a plain coat at this time. There followed a conversation in muffled voices in the entrance hall; not a French conversation in many tones of voice—but a quiet Teutonic talk

as between Germans and Englishmen. Then the door opened, and a man came into the room, removing a fur coat as he came. He was a tall, impassive man, well dressed, wearing a tweed suit and a single eyeglass. He might have been an Englishman. He was, however, the Baron de Mélide, and his manner had that repose which belongs to the new aristocracy of France and to the shreds that remain, here and there, of the old.

'Left my ambulance to subordinates,' he explained as he shook Lory's hand. 'Humanity is an excellent quality, but one's friends come first. It has taken me some time to find you. Have procured your parole for you. You are quite useless, they say'—the baron eyed Lory with a calm and experienced glance as he spoke—'so they release you on parole. They are not generous, but they have an enormous common sense.'

The doctor, who understood French, laughed good-naturedly, and the baron twisted his waxed moustache and looked slightly uncomfortable. He was conscious of having said the wrong thing as usual.

And all the while de Vasselot was talking and laughing, and commenting on his friend's appearance and clothes, and goodness of heart—all in a breath, as was his manner. Also he found time to ask a hundred questions which the stupid would take at least a week to answer, but his answer to each would be the right one.

It was during the great cold of the early days of January that the baron and Lory turned their backs on that bitter valley of the Loire. They had a cross-journey to Lyons, and there joined a main-line train, in which they fell asleep, to awake in the brilliant sunshine, amid the cool grey-greens, the bare rocks and dark cypresses of the south. After Marseilles the journey became tedious again.

'Heavens!' cried Lory, impatiently, 'what a delay! Why need they stop at this little station at all?'

The baron made no reply just then. The train travelled five miles while he stared thoughtfully at the grey hills. It was six months since he had seen the vivacious lady who was supposed by this one-eyed world to rule him.

'After all,' he said at length, 'Fréjus is a little station.'

For the baron was a philosopher.

When at last they reached the quiet tree-grown station, where even to this day so few trains stop, and so insignificant a

business is transacted, they found the Baroness de Mélide on the platform awaiting them. She was in black, as were all Frenchwomen at this time. She gave an odd little laugh at the sight of her husband, and immediately held her lip between her teeth, as if she were afraid that her laugh might change to something else.

'Ah!' she said, 'how hungry you both look—and yet you must have lunched at Toulon.'

She looked curiously from one drawn face to the other as the baron helped Lory to descend.

'Hungry,' she repeated with a reflective nod. 'Perhaps your precious France does not satisfy.'

And as she led the way to the carriage there was a gleam, almost fierce, of triumph in her eyes.

The arrival at the château was uneventful. Mademoiselle Brun said no word at all, but stood a little aside with folded hands and watched. Denise, young and slim in her black dress, shook hands and said that she was afraid the travellers must be tired after their long journey.

'Why should Denise think that I was tired?' the baron inquired later, as he was opening his letters in the study.

'Mon ami,' replied the baroness, 'she did not think you were tired, and did not care whether you were or not.'

Lory had the same room assigned to him that opened on to the verandah where heliotropes and roses and bougainvilleas contended for the mastery. Outside his windows were placed the same table and long chair, and beside the last the other chair where Denise had sat—which had been placed there by Fate. The butler was, it appeared, a man of few ideas. He had arranged everything as before.

After his early coffee Lory went to the verandah and lay down by that empty chair. It was a brilliant morning, with a light keen air which has not its equal all the world over. The sun was powerful enough to draw the scent from the pinewoods, and the sea-breeze swept it up towards the mountains. Lory waited alone in the verandah all the morning. After luncheon the baron assisted him back to his long chair, and all the party came thither and drank coffee. Coffee was one of Mademoiselle Brun's solaces in life. 'It makes existence bearable,' she said, 'if it is hot enough.' But she finished her cup quickly and went away. The baron was full of business. He received a score of letters during

the day. At any moment the preliminaries of peace might now be signed. He had not even time for a cigarette. The baroness sat for some minutes looking at Lory, endeavouring to make him meet her shrewd eyes; but he was looking out over the plain of Les Arcs. Denise had not sat down, but was standing rather restlessly at the edge of the verandah near the heliotrope which clambered up the supports. She had picked a piece of the delicate flower and was idly smelling it.

At last the baroness rose and walked away without any explanation at all. After a few minutes, which passed slowly in silence, Denise turned and came slowly towards Lory. The chair had never been occupied. She sat down and looked away from him. Her face, still delicately sunburnt, was flushed. Then she turned, and her eyes as they met his were stricken with fear.

'I did not understand,' she said. And she must have been referring to their conversation in that same spot months before. She was either profoundly ignorant of the world or profoundly indifferent to it. She ought, of course, to have made some safe remark about the weather. She ought to have distrusted Lory. But he seemed to know her meaning without any difficulty.

'I think a great many people never understand, *mademoiselle*.'

'It has taken me a long time—nearly four months,' said Denise, reflectively. 'But I understood quite suddenly at Bastia—when the soldiers passed the notary's office. I understood then what life is and what it is meant to be.'

Lory looked up at her for a moment.

'That is because you are nearer heaven than I am,' he said.

'But it was you who taught me, not heaven,' said Denise. 'You said—well, you remember what you said, perhaps—and then immediately after you denied me the first thing I asked you. You knew what was right, and I did not. You have always known what was right, and have always done it. I see that now as I look back. So I have learnt my lesson, you see.' She concluded with a grave smile. Life is full of gravity, but love is the gravest part of it.

'Not from me,' persisted Lory.

'Yes, from you. Suppose you had done what I asked you. Suppose you had not gone to the war again, what would have become of our lives?'

'Perhaps,' suggested Lory, 'we have both to learn from each other. Perhaps it is a long lesson and will take all our lives. I think we are only beginning it. And perhaps I opened the book when I told you that I loved you, here in the verandah!'

Denise turned and looked at him with a smile full of pity, and touched with that contempt which women sometimes bestow upon men for understanding so little of life.

'Mon Dieu!' she said, 'I loved you long before that.'

The sun was setting behind the distant Esterelles—those low and lonesome mountains clad from foot to summit in pine—when Mademoiselle Brun came out into the garden. She had to pass across the verandah, and instinctively turned to look towards that end of it where de Vasselot had come a second time to lie in the sun and heal his wounds—a man who had fought a good fight.

Denise was holding out a spray of heliotrope towards Lory, and he had taken, not the flower, but her hand; and thus without a word and unconsciously they told their whole story to mademoiselle.

The little old woman walked on without showing that she had seen and understood. She was not an expansive person.

She sat down at the corner of the lowest terrace and with blinking eyes stared across the great plain of Les Arcs, where north and south meet, where the palm-tree and the pine grow side by side, towards the Esterelles and the setting sun. The sky was clear but for a few little puffs of cloud low down towards the west, like a flock of sheep ready to go home, waiting for the gate to open.

Mademoiselle's thin lips were moving as if she were whispering to the God whom she served with such a remarkable paucity of words. It may have been that she was muttering a sort of grim *Nunc Dimittis*—she who had seen so many wars. 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'

THE END.

